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ODD CHARACTERS OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the most amusing and yet most melancholy spectacles of California is the number of "puir, daft bodies" who roam at large within it. They are not sufficiently demented to give occasion for their confinement in the Insane Asylum of Stockton, or even for the institution of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*; still, they can hardly be considered either ornamental or useful members of society. Some dissatisfied and distempered persons, who would fain quit it themselves, hold the climate responsible for this; but there is a far better explanation of it. Dr. G. A. Shurtleff, Resident Physician of the Asylum, in his Report made to the Directors in 1865, felicitously says:

"Hardly had the acquisition of California to the United States, and the discovery of the precious metals, put in motion upon this coast the enterprise of modern civilization, before insanity began to be developed. Nor is this a matter of wonder, when we consider the peculiar manner in which our State was peopled, and the peculiar influences which operated upon its early inhabitants. Suddenly crowded together from all parts of the world, in a fierce and selfish struggle for wealth

and position, with energies quickened by new hopes, and anon paralyzed by overwhelming disappointments; restless, unsettled and improvident; at once relieved from the steady cares and deprived of the composing influences of home; to-day surfeiting upon the profuse luxuries of unfostered wealth, and to-morrow pining over the privations of unrequited want; enjoying a liberty expanded to licentiousness, and after yielding to the impulses of passions pampered by vice, and severed from the moral restraints of society, the early settlers of California laid the foundation and contributed much to the present vast accumulation of mental disorders."

And the same prolific causes which have so thronged and overfilled the Asylum have sent adrift these other poor navigators on the sea of life, without rudder or compass. Only a very brief statement is required to show that this prevalence of insanity, whether of a mild or violent type, is not due to climatic influences.

Civilization was founded in the State in 1769, by the Reverend Father Junipero Serra, and Galvez. In 1846 the white population had increased to

15,000, of whom two-thirds were Spanish-Americans. (Hittell, in the "Resources of California," states that as late as 1848 the population was not above 15,000.) During all that period of 77 years, while the Spaniards were dreaming away their tranquil lives, undisturbed by any wild delirious visions of sudden wealth or wilder quest, there was not a single known case of insanity! February 19, 1848, gold was discovered. There was, however, very little influx of population until 1849 and the spring of 1850. At the close of 1850 it has been estimated that there were 22 insane persons in the State, 14 of them having been sent to the station-house in San Francisco. In 1851 there were 47 admitted to the two State Hospitals. In 1852 the Asylum was provided, and there were admitted into it 124 patients. Of this latter number only three were natives of the State. According to the last Report I have in my possession, the whole number received in 1869 was 482; and of these only four were natives of the State.

Again, according to the only Reports which make mention of the patients' previous occupations, these were as follows: In 1864, 219 admissions, of whom 34 were miners and 15 farmers; in 1867, 313 admissions, of whom 39 were miners and 15 farmers. Even at those early dates, the farmers in the State were at least equal in number to the miners, hence the above disproportion in commitments is noteworthy.

Once more: According to Maudsley, the average ratio of insane throughout the civilized world is 1 to 500. In California it is 1 to 600; in the whole United States, 1 to 700 or 800. And certainly, the perturbing causes above recited by Dr. Shurtleff are sufficient, and more than sufficient, to account for the excess in this State above the others, without attributing any special influence to the climate.

Probably the most celebrated of these odd characters is Norton I., Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. Almost any day his

benevolent features and tall, dignified form may be seen moving about the streets of San Francisco, arrayed in a military garb. On public occasions of great pith and moment, he frequently issues an imperial rescript to the nations of the earth, intended to allay their apprehensions, and to restore confidence and tranquillity to all flesh. One of these proclamations found its way even to Vienna, and elicited from some confiding subject of Francis Joseph a letter of self-recommendation to the imperial chap, and of earnest entreaty that he would graciously condescend to appoint him his Austrian agent for the negotiation of loans and management of Government securities. Some of the California papers publish these edicts for the amusement of their readers. It is said—I fear most slanderously and treasonably—that the Emperor lost the possession of his right mind through an unfortunate speculation in chocolate-colored Mexican beans.

Another personage, once familiar and famous to the San Franciscans, was Uncle Freddy Coombs, the Great Matrimonial Facilitator. With his round beaming face, and in his Continental uniform, he used to go about the city, carrying a flag, and proclaiming himself "the living, breathing, moving impersonation of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and the other Continental heroes." He had in his pockets all manner of letters of credit, recommendation, and introduction, credentials, testimonials, affidavits, etc., creased, crumpled and fly-specked with long usage. The last heard from him he was in Philadelphia, going about on his benevolent mission.

Then there was the poor demented being called the Guttersnipe, who was for years an inseparable part of the melancholy, or amusing, or fantastic spectacles with which San Francisco so abounds. He was an Italian. Clad in his wretched tatters, he was always seen stooping and groping along in the gutters beside the pavements, seeking

in the garbage for offal, bits of butchers' meat, decayed fruit, bread crumbs, apple cores, etc., which constituted his food. He was perfectly harmless, never spoke to anybody, seemed to have no friends or acquaintances, and when addressed would generally give no heed to the speaker, or only turn upon him one vacant, silent stare, then bend to his wretched work again. He came to be regarded with that sentiment — almost of affection, certainly of pity — which mankind feel toward a helpless, innocuous "natural" who has become, one might say, one of the landmarks or curiosities of the city. He was protected by the San Franciscans, somewhat as "The Man Who Laughs" was protected by that thoroughly Californian character, Ursus the Philosopher. When, one day, for some purely fancied resistance to the law, he was cruelly struck with a club by a policeman who had been ordered to bring him before a court for examination, the feeling of indignation was universal.

One day, early in its existence, the office of the "Overland Monthly" was visited by a preposterously long-haired individual, who claimed to have walked entirely across the continent. In proof of the possession of the requisite tenacity of purpose for the accomplishment of such a feat, he exhibited a prodigious roll of manuscript containing a treatise on the Immortality of the Soul. This he desired to have published in monthly installments! This person afterward became celebrated in the city as the Great Unknown. Dressed in the extreme of foppish fashion and absurdity, with a glossy silk hat, jewelled fingers, hair reaching far down over his shoulders, and always twirling a particular cane in his hand, he was met every day, by all the world and his wife, walking up and down Montgomery street. What his occupation was, if anything, nobody could discover. He once visited a fair conducted by the Germans, and was induced by some pretty young saleswoman to part with his hitherto inseparable gold-headed

cane in exchange for some gewgaw of the fair. Finally, a reporter of a city paper dealing largely in "personals," tracked him to his home, and endeavored to glean from him some information respecting himself. His answers were as wild and chimerical as anything in "Zanoni," or the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or gibbered under the moon.

One evening, as I was passing along a street of San Francisco, I saw a large crowd collected about a brilliantly illuminated show-window. Gradually elbowing my way into the centre of it, I perceived a man sitting inside the window, amid a perfect forest of fancy dry goods. His face was more grotesquely painted than a Modoc, and was constantly working and twitching with the most outlandish grimaces, to which he kept time with his head and his outstretched arms. He was, if one might use the solecism, whistling a silent tune with his face, as an advertisement; and, by watching attentively for a while, I distinguished "Yankee Doodle," "Old Zip Coon," and other airs. He winked his eyes for a staccato, gave an indescribable twist with his proboscis for a fugue, etc.

Once while living in a pretty California village,

"Where the west wind blows through the ever-green trees,

And the fogs go sailing by,"

in a cottage encircled with vines and roses, I made the acquaintance of a lady whom it will be sufficiently accurate for the purposes of this chronicle to designate as Mrs. Noodle. There were four rooms in the cottage, and four lodgers, Mrs. Noodle being one, and myself a second. Her husband was a man of wealth and position; but life with her was intolerable, and he had placed her in this cottage, where he secretly paid all her expenses he could learn of, though, for certain purposes, he allowed her to live in the belief that she was a pensioner on the bounty of the landlord. She was just sufficiently disturbed in her intellect to render her conversation peculiarly rich

and edifying. I would willingly give many gifts to be able to discourse with the full and free volubility of that lady upon any and every topic ever conceived by the mind of man. She was particularly fond of describing the lovely semi-tropical landscapes of Southern California,

"Where the jimjam sits on the thingumbob tree,
And he sweetly sings to the jigamaree."

Every morning, as regular as the sun, there came along our street a Chinaman, with his traditional two baskets swung from a pole across his shoulder, peddling vegetables and fruits in their season. Of course, he soon formed the acquaintance of the lady; and this casual acquaintance soon ripened into an ardent friendship. She possessed in an eminent degree the *voce sympathico* which thrills the listener; she had naturally a distinguished, patrician bearing, and a most sweet and winning smile. John basked in the sunshine of that smile. He was so overwhelmed by her affable condescension, so penetrated with gratitude for her kindness—of which the poor pig-tails receive so little at the hands of our countrymen that they are peculiarly sensitive to its influence—that he seemed to be distressed in his mind thinking how he should fully requite it. The melodious and honey-sweet flow of her interminable discourse—of which John comprehended sometimes one word in twenty, sometimes less—wrought upon his poetic Oriental soul like a mesmeric charm. He seemed to be really troubled that he could contribute nothing to this elevated Platonic friendship, except a coarse, material contingent of unworthy vegetables. The idea of demanding immediate payment from this illustrious lady appeared to present itself to his mind as unspeakably base, sordid, and contemptible. His strawberries, lettuce, cherries, and cauliflowers flowed from him in an unintermitting stream. Her credit with him was unlimited.

But at length, when the bill had mounted up to fifteen or twenty dol-

lars, poor John began to smell a mouse. His mind was troubled; his brow was clouded. He could not command enough English to make a hint about payment sufficiently delicate to consort with his Oriental ideas and the elevation of his friendship; so he remained silent. He still continued his ministrations to his customers, without the loss of a day; but he looked askance at the lady's window. However, after several days cogitating in his mind upon sufficiently polite phrases, he began to practice them gently, as if to try their effect: "You say you pay me, alle same you pay;" "One time you pay me;" "Maybe one time you pay me, alle same now;" "Bimeby you pay me too muchee" (the Chinaman says "too much," instead of "a good deal"). But the lady persistently refused to have her mind diverted from the elevated topics of discourse with which she daily enlightened the heathen Chinaman, during the time while he was weighing out the peaches and the tomatoes.

At length there came a day when John failed to make his appearance. He was absent for several mornings, and I feared some calamity had befallen him. After a while, however, he appeared again with a pale, emaciated face, and a slight limp, and informed me that he had been sick, and, under the prescriptions of a physician chosen from among his own countrymen, "he eat too muchee medicine."

Whether under the pressure of an exorbitant doctor's fee, or to reimburse himself for this enforced loss of time, John now set himself in first-rate earnest to collect his bill from Mrs. Noodle. He sternly refused to weigh her out any more peaches or vegetables, even the smallest quantity, unless he was paid. He knew nothing of the secret alimony upon which her creditors were allowed to draw; in fact, he suspected nothing whatever of her real condition. After having served his other customers, he would set his baskets to one side, knock gently at the door—for John

had many of the instincts of a gentleman — exchange the time of day, and say mildly :

"Pretty soon you pay me, alle same now one time."

"I'm sorry John, but really I have no change this morning. The superior intellect rises above the sordid baseness of this world. It was one of your own immortal sages who made the remark, under sore persecution, 'Honor the worthy, and maintain the talented, to give distinction to the virtuous.' The crane sings most sweetly of all birds, because it has the longest neck. The spiritual soul rises—"

After listening awhile with silent reverence, John turns slowly on his heel, with an expression of impenetrable mystification overspreading his face, and steals softly out. Next morning he returns for a final attempt. He plants himself before the door, knocks gently, folds his arms across his breast, hiding each hand in the opposite sleeve - end, casts his eyes meekly down upon the floor, where he keeps them throughout the interview, while he keeps tracing a certain pattern of the oil-cloth with the soft, thick-soled toe of his slipper.

"Long time you owe me too muchee. You say you pay me one time, all same now. Me heap catchee no monnee. Alle time you talkee Chinee man. Me sell you heap strawbelly, peach, chelly. You say you pay me one time; you no pay. One time, alle same now, you no pay, me sue you big."

"John," (in her blandest manner) "how often have I remarked to you that the superior intellect rises above the petty, sordid, annoying cares of this world. Between friends, frequent re-proofs make the friendship distant. The superior man honors the talented and virtuous, and bears with all. You, John, are a man of superior talent and virtue. Therefore I have borne with you in all your eccentric observations addressed to me. I was reading this morning some excellent precepts for the preservation of health; let me re-

peat one of them to you: Never eat rice which has been injured by heat or damp, and turned sour. I perceive that you have been ill recently, and I fear you have disregarded such plain, obvious rules as this."

Nobody but a Dickens could do justice to the remarks of this excellent woman. I have only attempted it. Poor John never got his pay.

There is another class of strange beings found in California, more numerous, perhaps, than in any other portion of Christendom, and that is the wild men, hermits, troglodytes, bush-rangers, or whatever one may choose to call them, who have wholly broken away from human companionship. Doubtless, some of the accounts contained in the papers are wild exaggerations, and some may be pure inventions; but there nevertheless remain enough well-authenticated cases to constitute a phenomenon. Such are Mountain Joe, a hermit who lived in the Coast Range forest, near San José, formerly a rebel guerrilla, then a murderer; Chaparral Joe, or the Wild Man of Colusa, a man who lived in the chaparral, a comparatively harmless being, except for his thefts, though the cause of infinite terror to the surrounding farmers and their families; and the Wild Woman of Napa. A veteran hunter of Grayson, Stanislaus county, tells a story that curdles the blood and makes one's hair stand on end, concerning a fearful being in the human form, destitute of clothing, but covered with a thick growth of hair, who several times visited his camp by night, carrying off small remnants of food, and which he finally obtained a glimpse of by secreting himself near his camp in the daytime.

Probably every tourist who has sailed on Lake Tahoe remembers Emerald Bay, which is formed by a deep bight in the lake, in a cañon of the Sierra Nevada. The water at the entrance of this bight is of an emerald green, which gives the name. At the upper end of this bay, two miles from the

body of the lake, there is a pretty cottage, owned by Ben. Holladay, Jr. It is sheltered by a rocky bluff, which has several times saved the cottage from being swept into the lake by winter avalanches. Probably, also, most tourists remember Old Dick, a venerable sailor, who takes care of the cottage for Mr. Holladay. His face is seamed and livid with the effects of the sun and weather. He comes around on elephantine and frozen feet, done up in a grain sack. His beard is frizzled, and his breast is exposed, and he has altogether the style, awkwardness and innocence of a sailor of the days of Nelson. Holladay, it is seriously said, bought Dick with the bay. The old man has his self-made grave all ready when the sound of the final eight bells warns him that his watch for time has ended, and that it is time for him to "turn in" for eternity.

The greatest wonder about Dick lies in the fact that he has wintered at Emerald Bay for seven years. The winters here are six to seven months long, and blinding snowstorms, wintry wails, the frost-feathered forests, with the freezing and hushing of running water, and the departure of the song-birds, make the lake at that season an almost sepulchral place of residence, even when there is company. Dick keeps no human company in his lonely bay; only that of a large cat, the language of which he professes to understand; and she, he says, in turn can, in her own wise way, translate every word he utters. He has his chair, and the cat has hers; and they sit and crack yarns together, he says, of long winter nights, when the wind is howling, and when the snow is up to the roof of the house.

Dick says he has seen sixteen feet of snow on the level at Emerald Bay. On one occasion a let-up in the weather allowed Dick, in his boat, to revisit the world of half a dozen persons who winter here at Tahoe City. Dick went home with a cargo of whiskey, not in his boat, but in his stomach, and

early night fell on the vast deserted lake while he was yet miles away from his home. It blew, and Dick in his alcoholic helplessness could not guide the boat, which capsized, late in the night, throwing him into the freezing water. He clung to the bottom of the boat until soberness and morning returned, when he managed to right her and get home; but his feet—his "flukes," as he calls them—were both frozen, and all his skill and care in doctoring such an affliction have failed to completely restore the use of one of them, with which he goes stumping around.

Dick would, in outward appearance at least, make an excellent Capt. Cuttle. But his manner is too quiet and sedate for that tender and jovial old character. In fact, Dick appears to dream, even in company; and while physically present, seems to be mentally absent, in his winter solitude on Emerald Bay. Dick has had several escapes from avalanches, one of which once roared down the mountain and passed within ten feet of his door, sweeping rocks and pine trees like chips before it into the lake, and sending a tidal wave from the shore which would have swept a ship before it.

There is one class of odd characters in California, who are so numerous as not to be very odd, and that is the constitutionally impecunious. This individual, according to his stereotyped account, came to the Pacific coast about 1851 (for the comers of 1849 and 1850 are of a better class); and there is not a city, town, village, mining camp, bar, gulch, cañon, which he has not visited, after carrying on his back 125 pounds of provisions and blankets. He was cast away, while coming to the country, in the Straits of Magellan (or scalped by the Piutes for variety), and with a few companions left on the shores of Patagonia, to make their way wherever they would. For eight days, more or less, they were without food, on foot, cold and hungry. They were

taken prisoners by those cannibals, and he had the pleasure of tasting several of his companions, who were all eaten. They did not eat him, he states, because he was too lean; and they reserved him for the last, in hopes he would improve in flesh; and when his time had apparently arrived, he managed to escape. He reached a port in Chili, where he was thrown into prison, and remained two years. In process of time he reached California, and there, as everywhere, his bad luck was upon him — not in streaks, but in one solid layer. After trying every mining camp known to exist, he finally went (say) to White Pine. He was there two years, never having over five dollars at one time in his possession. Then he came, as they all do, to San Francisco, and has been in the city a year and over, during which time he has never had above fifty cents at one time in his exchequer. But he has now got used to this kind of life, and declares, as he approaches you to borrow "just two bits, sir, to buy me a supper," that he "will never request the favor of a loan again — no, never."

Another one of these homeless and eternal wanderers is called The Pilgrim, and is probably known to most of the printing offices between Puget Sound and the City of Mexico. He is always trudging along on foot, carrying his blankets, and covered with dust; and he always wants the loan of two bits, "just to pay the toll on the next bridge ahead."

Lastly, I will — without intending or implying any disrespect to him, by reason of the company with which he is here associated — bring up the rear of this long procession with the most remarkable character of all — Father Taylor, the great pioneer Methodist preacher of California. Coming here in 1849, he served seven years as a missionary in churches, prisons, mining camps and hospitals, meeting the strangest experiences ever encountered by any herald of the Gospel. In 1855

he was burdened with a church debt of over \$50,000, occasioned by fire and depreciation of property, for which he was personally responsible. He gave up every dollar of his own estate, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company presented him tickets for a passage for himself and family to the Eastern States. He reached New York with less than \$100 in his pocket, to begin the task of paying that debt, by writing and publishing books.

In 1869 he paid the uttermost dollar of it, through his agents, Ross, Dempster & Co., of San Francisco. During that period of thirteen years, he wrote nearly a dozen books, gave an occasional lecture, preached twelve or fourteen sermons a week, supported his family, and travelled constantly, in our own and foreign lands! No collections are ever taken up for him, or donations made — a rule which he rigidly enforces; hence the debt was paid, and all his own and his family's expenses met, from the proceeds of the books and lectures alone.

To-day, and for several years, many men in California have been asking, "Where is Father Taylor?" He is now in India. "By the dark waters of the Ganges, in the tropical shades, under banyan trees, in deepest recesses of forest homes, in the hovel of the lowest caste, in Buddhist temple of lofty dome, or toiling with the pilgrims to their holiest shrines." The "Bombay Guardian," of January 27, 1872, says: "Here now in the midst of us is a man who sometimes preaches eight hours on Sunday (in different places), and morning and evening daily from Monday to Friday, spending much time, also, in house-to-house visitation; asking and taking nothing from any, except their love; supporting himself, not building up much for himself; but just seeking by the consecration of all his powers to save the unsaved, and to show Christians the greatness of their vocation; and as soon as he sees a witnessing, rejoicing,

consecrated body of Christians in a place, going off to pursue the same vocation elsewhere; and doing this year after year. Mr. Taylor does not want

the commendations of men; and it is not for him that we speak."

Stephen Powers.

BEN NOAH.

BEN NOAH, rich in treasure and in fame,
Bore in his country's lists a lordly name,
And far into the fading past his race
Their lofty lineage were proud to trace,
And boast the fathers of their noble blood
Had listened to the tumult of the flood;
And many a mitred priest and kingly head
Had bowed a suppliant for Ben Noah's bread.

His palace, graced with turrets tall and wide,
O'erlooked the sea with more than royal pride;
And countless slaves, with early toil and late,
Had humbly lived and died to make him great.
But though the prophet's prayer he daily said,
The prophet's spirit from his house had fled,
And Mercy, grieving at his voice of pride,
Drew far aloof her tearful face to hide;
For Poverty, beseeching day by day,
Turned empty-handed from his door away,
With no sweet words and tender viands fed,
But with this rude and bitter scorn instead:
"Go eat the food your worthless fathers ate,
And come no more about my palace gate!"

And so Ben Noah lived, to self allied,
And like his fathers, so Ben Noah died;
And at the gate of heaven, erect and proud,
He quick arrived, and knocked both long and loud,
Till from within a voice with gentle word,
Such as no mortal ear hath ever heard,
Replied, "Who comes?" The rich man boisterous cries,
As he was wont when bidding slaves to rise,
"Ben Noah, The Great, stands at the door, O Lord,
Come for a noble life to claim: reward."
Again the gentle voice within replied,
In tones that pierced the rich man's heart of pride:
"Go back to earth, where all thy treasures are;
No Lord is here to answer to thy prayer—
None find him here who have not found him there:
Go eat the food thy worthless fathers ate,
And come no more about my palace gate!"

Ben Noah turned and wept, with downcast eyes,
 The tears of those shut out from Paradise;
 And moaned within himself, "Ah, now I see,
 As I to men, so doth the Lord to me!"
 To earth again with humble steps he turned,
 But kept within his heart the truth he learned.

His castle gate was now wide open thrown,
 His countless wealth no more he called his own,
 But with a free and open hand supplied,
 By day and night the wants of all that cried;
 And hearts long silent in the midst of wrong
 Now full of tuneful joy broke forth in song,
 And tearful Sorrow smiled, and dark Despair
 Found hope and comfort in the rich man's care;
 Till in that breast where pride so long had dwelt,
 No other care than love to man was felt,
 And he who once in fearful grandeur stood,
 No longer called the Great, was called the Good.

At last Ben Noah, with a conscience blest,
 Weary of mortal labor, longed for rest;
 And to the heavenly gate again drew near,
 With hesitating step and humble fear,
 And kneeling, knocked, with tearful eyes and dim,
 And listened if the Lord would answer him.

Again the voice within, more tender grown,
 Replied, "Who comes?" in sweet, celestial tone;
 "Not I, but thou, O Lord," he answered well,
 "For not myself, but thou, in me dost dwell."

Then quick the golden gate wide open flew,
 And brightening as he went, Ben Noah ventured through.

J. B. L. Soule.

BARON HAUSMANN "AT HOME."

THE death of Napoleon III., in comparative obscurity and sorrowful exile, and a mention of Baron Hausmann's name in connection with the name of the late Emperor's simple burial services at Chiselhurst, recall by contrast one of the latest and probably the greatest of fêtes of Imperial Paris, in which these prominent actors performed conspicuous parts. It was as long ago as 1867; but nothing so fine

had preceded it, and certainly nothing afterwards, even in that season of magnificent entertainments, surpassed this memorable reception to Czar Alexander. If one might judge by the splendors and extent of external decorations, something possibly eclipsing it would have been reached in the welcome intended a little while after for the Sultan of Turkey; but this more promising event was destined never to

take place. On the very eve of its consummation news was received that the Mexican Empire had fallen, and its brave but deluded young ruler, Napoleon's ill-fated protégé, had met a tragic death at the hands of outnumbering enemies. As the poet records it:

"Paris was feasting her guests of the East,
Bidding them welcome to pageant and feast,
Bending to Egypt and Turkey her knee,
And hearing no voice from the lightning-lipped sea;
But in the midst of rejoicings it came,
Breathing with mournfullest cadence the name —
Maximilian!"

This threw the Court into mourning; and Baron Hausmann's bright trappings were withdrawn from the fronts of the Hôtel de Ville, giving place to black hangings of woe, and leaving the Russian reception to rank, without question, as the grandest municipal celebration in which the city of Paris had ever participated. For, in this instance, the event was more than the customary courtesy to a visiting sovereign. The pleasant fiction was realized that Alexander and other distinguished foreign rulers present were the guests of Paris, though invited in the name of Napoleon; and the Emperor of the French having entertained them sumptuously a night or two before, at the Tuileries, this surpassingly gorgeous soirée was supposed to be in return for Imperial hospitalities. It was intended, also, to express with peculiar emphasis to the Russian monarch the congratulations of Paris on his majesty's miraculous escape from assassination a day or two previous, at the Bois de Boulogne.

Berezowski, the would-be murderer, was in custody; the plot was revealed; the wildly-enthusiastic Republican was proved to be a Pole, instead of a Frenchman, as was feared; and all Paris rejoiced — or pretended to. There had been a general and joyous illumination of the city, to celebrate "the safety of the Czar;" the Emperor Napoleon had expressed the happiness of the Empire thereat; and now it was reserved for Hausmann and his

special satellites, to give expression to the feelings of the metropolis in a congratulatory fête. Was the Hôtel de Ville permitted to surpass the Tuileries? Not always; but sometimes, yes. Receptions at the Imperial Palace, though magnificent in the extreme, were perhaps open to the charge of sameness. The frequent attendant, while confessing their charm, pronounced them stereotyped. But the head of the Municipal Palace was ever striving after novel effects and brilliant surprises. The Grand Chamberlain, therefore, was obliged to acknowledge his master in the Prefect.

Yet the latter was called an iconoclast. *N'importe*. At least, he had the genius to replace that which was destroyed, with something better and more beautiful. *Chacun à son goût*.

However, the great event occurred in that lovely June of the Exposition year, so memorable for its assemblage of greatness in Paris; and the hospitable Baron was flattered — he was too polite to admit himself bored — by thirty-five thousand applications for tickets of invitation. The excitement could scarcely have been greater had the public, with prophetic eye, foreseen that this was to be the final fête of consequence which the Hôtel de Ville would witness, and that its classic walls would soon be crumbled into ruin, in the sacred name of Liberty. Let us remember that this whilom temple of splendors is dust and ashes to-day, in order to reflect profitably upon the fleeting nature of earthly glory, and realize how humble it is possible for the highest in station to become.

External decorations were few, and not striking by daylight; but at evening, the lines of gas illumination along the façade, and various graceful curves of glittering lights at either end, gave the vast Palace a dazzling appearance. Along the outside of the building, on the side next the Place Loban, a wide gallery had been erected, which adjoined the famous Galerie de Fêtes, generally conceded in its time to be

the finest room in all Europe for festive ceremonies. This temporary structure increased the capacity of the Hôtel materially. The Salle St. Jean was devoted to the general public, as an entrance, and the Cour Louis XIV. was reserved as an entrance for the court-party and a few high privileged personages. From the former, converted into a spacious *vestiaire*, the guests proceeded to the apartments above by the double staircase, which ends in the Salle des Echevins. At the foot of the two stairways, the lofty vestibule, which opens wide and stately, was ornamented by a profusion of evergreens and blossoms. Here also, at each side of a half dozen richly-carpeted steps, plashed refreshingly falls of perfumed water; and from them one passed up to the back of that wondrous staircase of pure white marble which was so famous throughout the world for its exquisite proportions. At first, Gardes de Paris kept charge of the passage, and forbade ascent; but later, when the Imperial guests had occupied it, to study at their leisure the bewilderingly-brilliant scene beyond, communication was thrown open between the entrances; and just here was established one of the principal thoroughfares between the front and rear of the Hôtel.

About nine o'clock, a stream of elegant equipages began to roll through the Rue de Rivoli. A compact but courteous crowd filled the entire length of the street, from the Tuileries to the Hôtel de Ville. It was after ten when the Imperial cortège of twelve carriages left the Palace, guarded by detachments of cavalry. In front were persons composing a part of the suites of the Czar and the then King of Prussia—for "William, Rex," and Bismarck, too, were honored guests of the occasion, and Sedan was far away in the future. Following, came a portion of the incomparable Cent-Gardes, in white and silver, and they just preceded two chariots covered with gilding, panelled in glass, and brilliantly lighted. In

these state vehicles, plainly visible to the throng of spectators, rode the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress Eugénie, the Czar, the King of Prussia, and the Russian Grand Dukes, and Prince Royal of Prussia. Throughout the brightly illuminated route there were hearty cries of "Vive le Czar!" "Vive l'Empereur!" and never a sound of that ominous shout, "Vive la Pologne!" which sounded threateningly along the boulevards a few days before, and marred the Imperial welcome of Alexander to Paris. All was tranquil, orderly, and peculiarly impressive.

Baron Hausmann, resplendent in official adornments, and assisted by the Municipal Council, all in embroidered coats, white pantaloons, silk stockings, and golden swords, received the grand guests at the Cour de Louis XIV., while a band, led by Strauss, softly played Russia's national air. Then the Czar gave his arm to Eugénie; the King of Prussia escorted the Grand Duchess Maria; the Emperor Napoleon, the Princess Mathilda; the Czarowitz, the Princess of Hesse; the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Princess Eugénie. These were closely followed by Count de Bismarck, the Duke de Leuchtenberg, the Prince of Hesse, the Grand Duke Wladimir, and other eminent persons in the Court train. The Emperors, the King, and all their male followers, were in full military uniform, and were fairly covered with cordons and decorations. The toilets of the ladies were unusually brilliant and beautiful, the Empress wearing a magnificent diadem, and draperies of white and crimson velvet.

After a brief pause for observation in the *salon* above, the Salle des Echevins, where hung a long line of venerable portraits of ancient magistrates, the Imperial party were conducted through the Salon de l'Empereur to the famous Galerie des Fêtes. This apartment was the largest and most gorgeous within the vast walls of the Hôtel de Ville, and presented an imposing length of one hundred and

sixty feet, which, when blazing with its thirty cut glass chandeliers and eighteen thousand wax lights, was dazzling in the extreme. Midway in this stately chamber, at the side, a dais was erected, with thrones for the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress, the Czar, and the King of Prussia. Seats for their suites were also provided, on a lower plane; and behind and over all was a gigantic crown, and rich, heavy hangings of velvet and gold lace. At an extremity of the gallery, in a recess, was placed the orchestra—invisible and out of the way, but heard to perfection. From the general desire to see the city's illustrious guests, it was anticipated that in this apartment, probably, would occur the greatest crush. So the wise Baron conceived the idea of doubling its accommodation by the erection (already alluded to) of a temporary gallery outside of the building, and connecting it with the permanent one by five portals. These were richly tapestried, and after the *fête*, of course, became again what they were before, the five huge windows that looked out upon the Place Loban. The smaller windows were also removed and transformed into recesses, where choice seats were placed for a few favored fair ones. The spacious temporary addition was adorned inside by rows of large columns, covered with ivy and other creeping plants. The carpet represented the sward and moss of a forest. The ceiling was woven with intertwined plants, and the whole had a charming sylvan appearance, to which foliage, flowers, fountains and mirrors contributed largely. From the great openings of this improvised saloon the eyes of hundreds of spectators fell unobstructed upon all that passed in the Grand Gallery, and every portion of both was thronged, as was also the second story above, whence an excellent view could be obtained. The Sovereigns and others took their seats amid prolonged cries of "Vive le Czar!" "Vive l'Empereur!" Once there was a faint attempt to greet

the King with, "Vive la Prusse!" but it was drowned in the enthusiastic welcome given the Emperors, and was not repeated. Did the ruler of Germany remember this slight when, a little while after, he was hurling his murderous shells into the heart of the beautiful city?

However, the shadow of the siege had not yet fallen upon Paris, and amid the glare and glitter of the *Galérie des Fêtes* no vision of war intruded. The great people entered into animated conversation, and seemed in the highest of spirits, while dancing commenced, with difficulty, and became more general and less obstructed as curiosity ceased to prevail over a disposition for enjoyment.

At the extremity of the Grand Gallery was the *Salon de la Paix*, rich in the beautiful works of Delacroix; and here was prepared a feast of fifty covers for the Sovereigns and their intimates. At twelve o'clock, precisely, after a tour of the apartments, interrupted by heartiest greetings from the guests, and royal expressions of gratification and admiration, the lofty handful of humanity entered their exclusive banquet chamber for refreshment. While they sup and drink, let us look rather hastily at other portions of the *Hôtel de Ville*. And who will not marvel at the wonderful wealth of decoration? But bear in mind that Baron Hausmann had charge of a large storehouse of elaborately wrought materials, belonging to the city, and accumulating and preserved from year to year, from which he could at any time produce appropriate trappings for a coronation, a wedding, a *fête*, or a funeral. And remember, too, that the city of Paris at this time reared its own flowers, and that for more than a week previous to this matchless reception a continuous stream of wagons, carts and vans were employed bringing mountains of flowers, groves of palm trees, rhododendrons, orchids and camellias, from the gardens and hot-houses at Passy.

We reach the Throne-Room proper, and the Salle des Caryatides, through the Salon de l'Empereur, which latter took its name from the famous full-length portrait of the first Napoleon, that formed its chief attraction. In the former two grand apartments, as well as in the Galerie des Fêtes, dancing took place and continued uninterrupted, except during the passage through of their Majesties and the Court party. But everywhere, in every room, corridor and recess, a profusion of bright, fragrant blossoms, most artistically arranged, greeted the eye. It was estimated that, if purchased, as had been the custom formerly, the flowers alone would have cost one hundred thousand francs. In various places coolest fountains, crystal-pure or miraculously tinted, gave freshness to the air. In one room the water formed cascades; in another it rose in the form of a sheaf; while again, thrown into a thousand drops, it glistened beneath the bright illuminations like a shower of diamonds. Besides the three grand orchestras, which furnished music for the dancers, a number of famous bands were properly dispersed about the building to play at intervals; and hundreds of hidden chorus-singers charmed the ear occasionally with airs from favorite operas. Once, when Anne of Austria and Louis XIII. were the guests of Paris, and a ball was given in their honor, it was thought a great extravagance that three hundred candles shed their light upon the scene, and that "twenty players" were paid double to "make music all night long." Baron Hausmann lit his gorgeous hall on this occasion with seventy thousand wax lights; and his orchestras embraced about three hundred skilled performers.

A spacious stairway, carpeted with crimson velvet, led from the Grand Gallery to the Library, and this was transformed, for the time, into an immense *buffet*; and seven smaller refreshment-rooms were arranged in different parts of the building. Among the prominent articles constantly at the

service of the guests were thirty-five thousand glasses of punch, twenty-five thousand ices, fifteen thousand jellies, with innumerable chocolates, sherbets, cakes, etc.; tons of fruits, and wines of all sorts beyond count.

Amid this abundance, and the splendors heaped up on every hand, eight thousand guests were joyously circulating, adding to the dazzling brilliancy of the scene by personal adornments the most elegant and striking. The costumes of Marshals, Ambassadors, Chamberlains, and the uniforms of various Ministers and Army and Navy officers, were all appropriate to the imposing surroundings of the Palace; and when we add the varied and magnificent toilets of the ladies, with flashing coronets, diamond necklaces, waving plumes, and floating laces and ribbons, and consider the floods of light, the blooming flowers, the sweet perfume, the sound of falling waters, the strains of music—everything charming to the eye, pleasant to the ear, delightful to the taste—how can we persuade ourselves that it is not the realization of some Eastern fairy tale? Of course, the jewelry worn by titled ladies, and others, was priceless in value; but this was more especially, according to a decree of fashion, "the year of laces;" and it was generally conceded that Paris had never before, on any single occasion, beheld such a marvellous display of the costly material. Connoisseurs pointed out many specimens of fabulous worth, such as the rare old Argentan, made wholly with the needle; and profusions of the highly-prized Brussels application, black Chantilly, point d'Angleterre and Alençon, yellow with age. One lady wore, over gold-colored satin, a complicated web of Venetian point, which was estimated to be worth half a million francs.

Sixty trained servants, in the city's fine livery, and wearing gold aiguillettes, waited upon the Baron's "dear eight thousand" friends, as only trained French serving-men know how to wait, and were every way worthy

of the memorable event in which they assisted.

It was long past midnight when the sweet strains of Russia's national air again echoed softly through the Cour de Louis XIV. and gave notice of the approaching departure of the Imperial guests. And it was just here, under the giant chandelier of this lofty portal, that the Czar was pleased to give a second public recognition to the young American who, a few days previous, had been instrumental in saving his life. He paused a moment in his descent to the illuminated chariot in waiting, and, resting a hand upon the surprised youth's shoulder, spoke quietly some friendly words of greeting, the Empress Eugénie meanwhile smiling approval, and awaiting her escort's pleasure. This trifling act of the Emperor Alexander was yet a deviation from his strictly dignified demeanor on public occasions, and, as such, gave rise to extended observation and speculation. Some of the journals of Paris even exaggerated the Sovereign's brief passing notice into a deed of important political significance, and gravely declared, next day, that "the Czar of all the Russias had publicly *embraced* an American at Baron Hausmann's ball."

Though we have already had a passing glance at the beautiful Cour de Louis XIV., on entering, it tempts us by its charms to linger once again in admiration before we follow the retreating footsteps of royalty, and make our way homeward through the star-lit summer night.

This fair scene of the host's first greetings and final farewells to his noble visitors, was considered by many the most elegant and interesting portion of the Palace. Its carving and gilding were so abundant, its mosaic pavements so rich, its crimson velvet carpeting so soft and luxurious, and its illumination so dazzlingly brilliant, that the eye returned to it again and again with renewed delight.

Directly opposite the entrance stood

that marvel of architectural beauty, the widely-famed white marble staircase, erected at a cost of about a million francs. It was double, as has been said, and the two semi-circular flights of steps followed a peculiarly graceful, waving line, uniting above and proceeding onward to the grand apartments beyond. It was erected in the space of a fortnight, for a reception to Queen Victoria, in 1855, and was first constructed of wood, and intended for a single night only; but the design proved so exquisite, and the proportions so perfect, that subsequently it was rebuilt in marble, and so remained while the Hôtel de Ville endured. Below, and at its sides, were the perfumed cascades noticed on entering; and under the main ascent was a large fountain and basin, all adorned with tritons, statues, and gay-colored flowers; while globes of ground glass, looking like magnified pearls, closely set, edged the outside of the staircase, from the lowest step to the top. An enormous chandelier hung from the centre of the stately Cour; and a gallery, ornamented with mirrors and a gold trellis-work covered with vines and ivy, was arranged at each of the four sides. At the summit of the staircase, opened widely the Grand Salon where the Municipal Council held its sittings and carried out the decrees of its imperial master.

Morn's misty veil was the drop-curtain which finally fell upon the closing scenes of Baron Hausmann's *coup de maître*; and the myriad wax lights, that nothing less brilliant could have rivalled, grew dim in the sunbeams of a new-born morrow before the last guest had departed.

And now, after a little interval, let us ring up the curtain once again and behold how fares it with the scene itself and some of its chiefest actors. The torch of the Commune has converted the Hôtel de Ville into a heap of mournful ruins. Napoleon, defeated and dethroned, lies dead in the humble chapel at Chiselhurst. The Em-

press, impoverished and exiled, is grieving and fading in the shadow of that tomb which ought to rest under the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides in the Faubourg St. Germain. The King has become an Emperor; the Count

has become a Prince; and Hausmann, the incomparable entertainer, is an aimless, sorrowful wanderer in foreign lands. *C'en est fait de lui.*

Wild Edgerton.

MANUELA.

"POOR Mrs. Kennerly" was more lachrymose than usual to-day; her eyes paler, her hair more faded. Paul Kennerly, the keen-eyed, robust counterpart and husband of the lady, was measuring the room with impatient steps. When her pale blue eyes shed tears and grew paler, his flashed fire and grew deeper blue; when her light yellow hair hung limp and loose about her eyes, his darker, heavier locks rose obstinately from his forehead, and were shaken back, now and again, as a lion shakes his mane. While the profuse tears coursing over his wife's cheeks seemed to bleach their original pink into vapid whiteness, his own flushed hot and red with the quick blood mounting into them.

Yet, Mrs. Kennerly, of whom her friends spoke only with the adjective "poor" prefixed, was not a martyr; on the contrary, to the unprejudiced observer, the great tall man, in spite of flashing eye and reddened cheek, appeared much more in that light and character.

"Laura, will you stop crying just for two seconds and listen to what I have to say?"

"Oh, my poor sister! my poor sister! Coming home, and unwelcome in her own dead father's house! unwelcome to her own brother-in-law, at the house of her poor dead father—oh!"

Before she had finished her lamentation, Mr. Kennerly had left the room, shutting the door behind him with a

crash, and crossing the corridor with long, heavy strides. Then his steps resounded on the veranda, where the June sun threw deepening shadows of the old locusts that stood sentinel in a half circle on the lawn. Pacing back and forth, with knit brows and downcast eyes, the wooing beauties of the summer day were lost on him, as they were without charm or joy to the weak-minded woman fretting and complaining in her darkened room up stairs.

Unnoticed by him was the short sweet grass on the lawn, and the rows of blossoming lilacs and budding roses that hedged it in on either side, down to the road; unheeded on his ear fell the gentle murmuring of the wind in the cluster of poplar, beech and elm that stood bowing and swaying by the large old gate. Was it possible that he had ever pushed through its portals (a wanderer returned to his early home) an expectant bridegroom, to meet the meek-eyed bride whose phantom only seemed now to haunt the old-fashioned, hospitable house? Again Paul Kennerly threw back the hair from his forehead with the lion-like motion that had grown more abrupt and hasty year after year. Then the footsteps on the veranda ceased, and soon soft, full chords, such as a master-hand only could strike on the piano, sounded through the wide corridor, and floated up to the ears of the self-willed invalid. Louder and stronger grew the strains; and the woman, in her feebleness, cowered on her lounge up-

stairs and complained fretfully, "Now he storms again!" while the man below seemed to have forgotten everything; his own existence, perhaps,—the existence of the woman, surely.

Yet she was present to the waking dreams he dreamed of his early youth—they could not be dreamed without her. She had been his playmate, his protégé; as her younger, stronger sister had been his natural antagonist and aversion. The father had been his guardian. And when Paul went as sutler and trader to New Mexico, just as Laura was budding into girlhood, it was tacitly understood that on his return he would claim her as his betrothed. Years passed, and when old Mr. Taylor felt his end approaching, he begged Paul to return, and be to his two daughter the protector that he had been to Paul's helpless childhood. Soon after Laura's marriage, Mr. Taylor died, firm in the belief that he had made a happy man of his favorite, Paul.

Before the mourning-year was over, a schoolmate of Paul's, an army officer, some years his senior, came to spend a month's furlough at the old Taylor mansion. When he left, he was the willing slave and avowed suitor of Regina, the queenly younger sister of Laura. If there were no hearty congratulations from Paul's side, I doubt that either Colonel Douglass, in his happiness, or Laura, in her self-absorption, felt the withholding of his kind wishes; and Regina cared very little either for his favor or his disapproval.

Even before they were married, Regina knew that after a few short weeks spent in the home-like, elegant quarters at the Arsenal, they must leave the ease and luxuries of civilization for the wilds of some frontier country. But Regina was content to reign over the limited number of hearts to be found in a frontier's camp, as she had reigned over her train of admirers in the ball-room and at the watering-places; and, to the delight of her husband, she uttered no word of complaint when an order from the War Department sent them to an

adobe-built fort on the Rio Pecos, in the most desolate part of all New Mexico.

"Now, I should like to go with you, Hal," had said his brother-in-law, when he read him the order; and he raised his head and flung back his hair, as though he felt the wild, free wind of the Plains tossing it.

Paul rode back from the Arsenal slowly that evening, and the nearer home he came the lower drooped his head, the darker grew his brow. At home he paced the floor uneasily, paying little heed to the feeble whimpering of his wife, who had been frittering her life away between camphor-bottles and sentimental novels since Regina had left the house.

The drawing-room, where the piano stood, and where the windows opened out on the veranda and the lawn, was his harbor this night, as often when either his own thoughts or the selfish complainings of his wife drove him distractedly about the house. But this night there sounded a single soft strain through his "storming"—as his wife called it—and the strain grew wilder and sweeter, till suddenly lost, as the note of some clear-voiced frightened bird is lost, in the howling of the midnight storm.

Then had come days of calm, during which the piano remained closed, and he sat meekly under the drivelling talk of his wife, and in the close, dark atmosphere which alone, she insisted, suited the delicate complexion of her face and of her mind.

After that, an occasional letter from his brother-in-law, now at his station on the Rio Pecos, or an extra twist of the cord matrimonial, which, since the day of his marriage, seemed literally to encircle his neck, would set the lion to fuming in his cage; and with the toss of his hair from the forehead would commence the wandering through the house, which always ended with "storming" the piano.

But the days are passing while we travel back into the past; and one,

not far distant, brings Regina, the unwelcome. Before she had been in the house many days, she knew from her sister's rambling talk what Paul had said of her coming before she came—knew that he did not believe what the Colonel had written about the disastrous effects of the New Mexican climate on his wife's health, but believed, rather, the rumors that had come to him from all sides, each varying a little from the rest in detail, but all agreeing in the main. Regina's marble face, and nervous, transparent fingers, might have confirmed the theory of failing health; but there was something in the momentary flash of her dark eyes, as she listened to her sister's quavering voice, that told of energy or despair, such as woman gains and gathers only from a sudden calling forth of all her passions and powers for the defence of her life, her honor, or position, as the case may be. It may have been only once, in the long past, that this power was called out; but, like the heat lightning at the close of a hot, murky day, it throws baleful gleams on the cloud-darkened horizon of her life forever after.

"My sternly-virtuous moral brother-in-law," Regina said softly to herself, seated on a low stool in the room where her cradle had stood, "would fain drive me from my own father's house, for a fancied injury to the fair name of the Kennerly-Taylor family. Ah, well! the end of all days has not come yet."

Her head sank on her bosom, as she sat watching the shadows of the tree-clump by the gate, growing longer and deeper in the fading light of the western sun; and a tear stole into her eye and trickled slowly down her pure white cheek. Her sister, creeping up to her, and looking into her face with what affection she was capable of, shed more of her easy-coming tears.

"I told him they were slandering you. Papa always said you were too proud to do a wrong and not acknowl-

edge it. And Paul was always hard on you, I know; and it's all a lie and slander; for even if you were not my sister, I could tell, as anyone could, from your face, that you are good and without sin. I know from the stories I have read—they all have just such pale, faultless faces when they're persecuted; and afterwards the misunderstanding is cleared up, and they get married. But then, you *are* married." She had gotten into deep water now; and thinking, probably, that her younger, cleverer sister would solve this problem as she had so many others, Laura picked up her camphor-bottle and returned to her own room. Regina remained, her "pale, faultless face" turned to the dying light, a pensive, half-pained, half-sad expression on her lips and in her eye, looking almost like a saint striving to forgive and bless her traducers.

Yet the woman was not without sin; though how much was to be laid at her door none could tell.

Out in New Mexico—the rumor ran—at the lonely adobe-built Post on the Rio Pecos, where her husband, the Colonel, was stationed, there was also a Post Surgeon, a young, handsome man, of fascinating manners, of unquestioned skill and bravery, and born of an Italian mother, from whom he had inherited passion, temper, and disposition, together with Southern eyes and curly, silken hair. His courage had probably come from his American father; none but such could have a son who, in his dare-devil bravery, would go so far as to capture and tame a young panther, and chain him outside his door, to act as watch-dog and protector. And so great was the love of this animal for his master, that he was known to leap and roar for joy when seeing him approach after an absence from home.

Of course, Regina was expected to visit and admire the panther as a "natural curiosity;" and her hand, too, it was said, the beast would lick with every sign of affection and submission.

Rumor said, that in the dead of night, when no one else could approach the Doctor's quarters within a hundred yards, she could pass by and into the Doctor's rooms without hindrance or opposition from Royal, the panther. And, moreover, rumor went on to say, that whenever the Colonel was away on duty, looking after those troublesome Navajoes and uncertain Apaches, Regina's white robe was frequently seen flitting past the uncanny keeper of the Doctor's door.

But there came a day—a night, rather—when Royal, after a short but terrible conflict with a midnight invader, lay dead on his master's doorstep, and over the body strode the invader into the presence of the young Doctor, who, with an almost superhuman effort, tried to shield the queenly, white-robed form that fell prone to the floor. To be sure, he received a bullet in his temple; and the dark silken curls were dank and stiff with gore when the sun lighted up the low adobe room next morning. However, he had saved *her* life; for the Colonel became cool when he saw the destroyer of his peace and honor lying dead at his feet.

There was no public trial—not even a court-martial. The Colonel had killed the Doctor in a duel; but nobody demanded a record of the event, and the reprimand he received was not by sentence. But he was ordered to Fort Marcy, near Santa Fé. The Colonel had borne off a cut across the forehead, extending upward till under the hair, in one of the pitched battles with the Indians; and he was known to suffer from headache and irritation of the wound to such a degree, at times, that over-excitement, from anger or other cause, made him almost crazy. He was an old, valiant, and valued officer; and the War Department, not supposed to know any uninvestigated matter, would excuse many things in such a one, even though it could not approve them.

Then it was that the Colonel's wife had returned to the States “for her

health,”—as her husband was particular to write to his brother-officers stationed at the Barracks and Arsenal near to the Western city where his wife's home was.

Who can tell how Rumor travels? When Regina made her appearance at the Arsenal, the very women who had once been proud of her notice seemed hardly to remember a passing acquaintance with her; and, stung to the quick, she had barely strength to control her face and hold high her head till the door of her carriage had closed on her. She laid back her head, throbbing and aching, yet filled with a thousand plans for regaining her position and punishing those who had so humbled her.

It was one of Paul's restless days; and she heard him “storming” on the piano as her carriage entered the gateway. With sudden interest she raised her head, while her face grew animated with some struggling thoughts.

When night had set in, and the broad hall door was thrown open to admit the soft breeze and the tender moonlight, Regina, for the first time since her return to the home of her childhood, approached the piano in the drawing-room and ran her fingers over the keys. The door stood open, and from her seat she could see into the hall, and catch a glimpse of Paul's shadow every time he passed the hall door in his walk on the moonlit veranda. Not a muscle of her face moved as she continued in her play, striking chords and running *roulades*, without any apparent purpose save that of touching once more the old familiar key-board. Paul's shadow flitted by, regularly and restlessly, never varying an inch in his distance from the door as he passed it. Suddenly the chords melted into a melody low and sweet, yet swelling almost into wildness in its yearning, longing tenderness.

Regina listened intently, and—surely Paul could not have paused suddenly in his walk on the veranda! Directly his footsteps came again,

halting and uncertain, and Regina repeated the air, throwing into it more intensity, even, than at first. She seemed absorbed in her playing, though she knew full well when Paul's hesitating footsteps crossed the threshold, and moved nearer the drawing-room entrance. When he stood in the door, she looked up, as though unwilling to be disturbed in her musical meditations. One look at the deathly-pale face, above which the dark blonde hair rose like a lion's mane, assured her that she would gain — *had* gained — her end; and she played on, as though forgetting his presence in an instant. Presently, a hoarse, unsteady voice reached her ear:

"Where did you learn that air? Who taught you the song?"

She looked up unconcernedly.

"That air? Do you like it?"

He nodded his head impatiently.

"Where did you learn it? Who taught you?"

"That song? O, I learned that in New Mexico."

He looked at her wildly for a moment, but her gaze was so steady that he dropped his eyes and moved slowly away.

Late in the night, when Regina awoke from a sleep sweeter and sounder than any she had yet enjoyed, she heard Paul's steps in the hall-way, on his way to bed.

"You have left me alone all night again," complained his wife, when he entered the room; "and I have had one of my nervous spells."

"You keep the room so confoundedly hot and full of camphor that it smothers me to stay here," was the crusty reply.

"Would you want me to keep the windows and shutters open, so as to let the mosquitoes come in and devour us?"

"Why do you keep the light burning till twelve in the night, then?"

"But, Paul, I can't read in the dark, can I? And I want some pastime, I am sure, so sick and feeble as I am," weeping for very pity of herself.

"Throw those foolish books out of the window; the camphor-bottle, too; let air and daylight into your room, and you'll soon get well and strong," he answered, willing to be kind, and anxious to hush her distracting sobs.

Regina, in her room, breathed a little sigh of satisfaction; for though she could not hear the conversation, she could guess very nearly what Paul's reception had been. "Ah! my clever brother-in-law, yours is not a bed of roses, either;" and with this comforting reflection she dropped off to sleep.

Next morning, at the breakfast-table, Regina watched with placid interest the haggard face of Paul, and the furtive looks he threw over to where she sat. During the morning his wife was attacked with sick headache, "from reading those trashy novels," he said; and by night he was wandering through the house again, groaning in very anguish of spirit, and flying, at last, to his only refuge, the piano. Through the loud clanging of the chords there breathed a strain, now and then, of the song Regina had played; but in a moment it was drowned by the louder crashes, which almost shook the house, and seemed the outpouring of some wild spirit in its abject misery. Day followed day, and as the season advanced, and autumn set in, with stormy days, and long, moonless nights, Paul grew more restless; and one night, when he had wandered through the house all day — "as though driven by the Fury of Remorse," Regina said — she went, unobserved, into the drawing-room, from where soon came the strains of the song that had so agitated Paul. Again his heavy steps approached the door, and, as he entered the room, Regina said to herself, "He has grown ten years older since that evening last summer, and he is ripe for my purpose now."

"You learned that song in New Mexico?" he asked, trying to speak in his usual quiet tones. "I suppose it is a popular air among the Mexicans?"

"Not a common one, though it is a Spanish song;" and she softly sang the refrain, "*Ela-Manuela!*"

Had she stabbed him to the heart he could not have turned paler, or sprung forward quicker, than at the uttering of the words.

"She taught it you! Tell me quick, for God's sake!"

He had clutched her arm, and was shaking her without knowing it.

"Gently, my dear brother-in-law," she said, sneeringly; and he shook the hair back from his forehead, and regained his self-possession by a strong effort.

"You wanted to know who taught me the song? My information has a price."

She had folded her hands in her lap, and was looking quietly into his face.

"Name it!" he burst out impatiently.

"It is a high price; but I can give you *all* the information you may want, in return. Here is a sample."

She had turned the music stool on which she was seated, and while he paced up and down the room to hide his agitation, she continued in the tone of one holding easy converse with a good friend:

"I learned this little Spanish song from a very pretty girl in New Mexico. She said she had once taught it to an American, a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes and fair face, who must have been in love with her, I think, for he had always substituted her name, in the refrain, for the name which the author of the song had put into it. She, too, must have been fond of this American with blue eyes and dark blonde hair; for, though not in the least conceited, or aware of her own attractions, she always sang the refrain with her own name, Manuela, instead of the original name, Juanita, simply because this American had wished her so to do. The air is beautiful, I think; and the words are very pretty, too." She turned to the keys again, as though to repeat the air.

"Stop!" he said hoarsely, arresting her hand; "you will kill me. What is the price you ask?"

"The price is high," he groaned, when she had coolly and in unfaltering tones stated her conditions to him. "But if you promise to keep to your word, I will do my best."

"You will succeed, then," she said, holding out her hand, and speaking almost cordially as they parted for the night.

When she reached her room she seemed for once to have fallen into Paul's *role* of Wandering Jew; but her steps were noiseless, though the thoughts that danced and chased through her brain *would* come to her tongue, in quick, triumphant words.

"My upright, truthful judge and brother-in-law—to bring about a reconciliation between his best friend, my husband, and his 'erring but loving wife.'" A haughty look flashed in her eyes: "Regina—and pleading for forgiveness! Ah, well—even a queen must sometimes stoop to conquer!"

The weeks passed slowly on; and, absorbed though Laura was in her camphor-bottle and her novels, she could not but notice that Paul had altogether changed in his behavior toward her sister; and she rejoiced over this in her own fashion:

"I always told Regina that her innocence would come to light, and she would triumph over the machinations of her enemies, and get married to a—But she *is* married—I forget. Well, it will all come right, and she'll be ever so happy, I know."

Poor thing! She could not live to see her so. The camphor-bottle, the close, dark room, and the Frenchy novels, were too much for her; and before the spring had brought any flowers to strew on her grave, they had laid her in a darker, closer room than she had yet been in. Her husband and Regina followed the coffin, dressed in deep mourning; and Regina's face, as well as Paul's, was paler and sadder by a good many shades than usual.

Meanwhile, letters passed frequently between Paul and his friend and brother-in-law; and one day, when the roses and lilacs that bordered the lawn were shedding fragrance and beauty together over the old homestead-grounds, Paul announced to his sister-in-law that he would accompany her on her journey to New Mexico.

How the wind of the Plains through Paul's hair made it look more than ever like a lion's mane! and how like the Paul of long ago he looked, mounted on his fiery black horse! Something like pity for him sometimes stole into Regina's heart; but she would sneer at herself for the feeling. "Did he pity me when I came home broken-hearted—repentant?"

The long hours of their rest—for the Colonel had seen to it that his wife had not to travel in the plebeian stage, but was furnished train and escort at Fort Leavenworth—she beguiled with telling, bit by bit, the story of her acquaintance with Manuela, who had found her way to the Fort on the Rio Pecos, one day, where they had been stationed. Regina had been captivated at once by the girl's gentle face and soft black eyes; and when, after an acquaintance of some weeks, she surmised that the girl was looking for the man who had once loved and then, unaccountably, deserted her, she felt only pity for one who could so unselfishly and devotedly love any man as to give up home and friends, and wander through what must seem the wide world to this poor girl, in search of him. That the man was Paul, she felt quite sure; though she had never expressed the least suspicion of this to the Colonel.

This much only could Paul learn from his sister-in-law; and that she knew, even now, where the girl could be found; further than this she would not say; would not tell him that Manuela had lived in her own household, half as domestic, half as companion; that she had been induced to this by the vague hope that while with Americans she might more easily learn of those

who arrived, or returned, from the States to the Territories; that on leaving Santa Fé she had exacted a promise from the girl to remain in the Colonel's quarters and employ until she should send her permission to leave her post.

And so they reached Santa Fé—Paul hopeful and expectant as a young bridegroom; Regina calm and thoughtful, but trying to look cheerful when she knew of Paul's eyes resting on her; when unobserved, the dreary, despairing look crept back into her eyes, and her face, white as marble, grew rigid as the face of a statue. When the cluster of square, low-built adobe houses, called Santa Fé, rose up before them, Paul could hardly restrain his impatience; but he had promised to be guided in all things by his sister-in-law, and he had now to abide by her decisions. "It would be painful and embarrassing to have anyone, even her own brother-in-law, present at her first meeting with the Colonel," she said, and therefore requested Paul to remain over night in Santa Fé, and ride over in the morning to where Fort Marcy lay, on the low rise of the hills bordering the Plain.

Since Regina so wished it, let the meeting between herself and husband be entirely private. We will not draw aside the veil till the next morning, which came up with a blaze of broad, staring sunshine, promising an unpleasantly hot day. The Commanding Officer's quarters, though surrounded by a neat paling-fence, was as bare and innocent of the least attempt at a garden as all the rest of the quarters were. The red, hard earth alone stared up at the hard blue sky; outside the Fortress walls, ungainly cactus and stunted mesquit bushes made the Plain look only the more inhospitable and barren.

The quarters were low, but cool; and as the door-ways were only hung with curtains, the breeze that swept over the Plain had free access to every room in the house. The large sitting-room at

the Colonel's quarters had been darkened since early morning, and the heat excluded as much as possible, for the Colonel was threatened with a severe attack of the torturing headache that sprang from the badly healed wound in his forehead. As the sun rose higher, he succumbed to the pain; and as he threw himself on the wide, low lounge, in intolerable suffering, Regina stepped lightly to his side, to supply the usual remedies. But a cold look and colder words drove her back from his couch; and as he called to Manuela to bathe his head, in gentle, almost tender tones, she for the first time felt a deadly hatred toward this girl, whom she knew still to be an angel in virtue and purity.

Struck to the heart, she left the room, only to throw herself on the hard floor of the next apartment, where she grovelled in an agony of anger and pain. Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs fell on her ear, and she sprang up with one wild bound, and flew to the door, just in time to motion Paul, who had already dismounted, into her presence.

"Now has my time come!" She could hardly restrain herself from crying it out aloud to the frowning mountain and the arid Plain. "Ricardo, thou shalt be avenged! avenged thou, my poor heart, for the tears and the blood wrung from thee for many, many bitter days!"

The light of the sun shining into Paul's eyes, blinded him; and though he saw the finger laid on her lips, he could not see the dishevelled hair and bloodshot eyes, and approached her, looking for some glad surprise. He had donned a Mexican costume, and the little silver bells on the outside seam of his pantaloons jingled musically at every step; while the short jacket, showing the pistol-belt under the red sash, set his figure off to full advantage.

He spoke laughingly: "You see I have turned Mexican, every inch of me!" then he caught the wild eyes, with their frenzied look, and he grasped her hand, exclaiming, "Good God! what has happened?"

"Happened?" she echoed with a demoniac laugh; "we have been deceived—outraged—cheated out of our life's happiness—both you and I! Behold the traitor and the serpent!"

Drawing aside the curtain that hung in the door-arch between the two rooms, she beckoned him to approach, and pointed silently to the group in the next room. Bending over the reclining form of the man on the lounge, stood a girl, whose face of angel-goodness was turned in profile to the two intruders at the doorway. The man's eyes were closed; and as the girl stooped lower, his hand stole softly around her form, and nestled there, lovingly, tenderly, as though it had found a long-sought resting-place. Pliant braids of glossy black hair fell far below the girl's waist; and her eyes were of the almond shape, that we find in the faces of those descended from the people of Castile.

In a moment Paul's burning eyes had taken in the picture, and an inarticulate sound came over his lips. The woman beside him watched him with the eyes of a tigress; and he never knew—was it *her* touch that guided him, or did his own evil passions move his hand from his reeking brow to the pistol in his belt? There was a sharp report, a shriek and a groan, and the next minute Paul Kennerly was dashing over the Plain, mounted on his fleet black horse, the wind tossing through his hair, and raising it from his bare brow, where it reared itself proudly, like the mane of a lion when he flies from captivity and death.

Joséphine Clifford.

THE PRICE OF A LIFE.

[From the French of M. Scribe.]

THE door of our reception-room opened hurriedly, and Joseph, the man-servant, entered to give me the almost unwelcome message that the post-chaise for which I waited was in readiness for my departure. The words acted as an uncanny charm on us all, but with greater effect on my mother and sister, who threw themselves into my arms, their vows choked by moans and sobs, until my mother, in a tremulous way, exclaimed:

"There is still time, my son, for you to renounce this wild journey—time left still for you to decide on remaining with us."

"But, my *chère mère*," I replied, "remember that I am twenty years old; and, with such honorable descent, my name ought now to be spoken with respect and honor throughout the country. I must work out an independent path for myself in some high department. It may chance to be in the army; it may, perhaps, be fulfilled at court."

"And when thou dost leave us, Bernard, has it ever occurred to thy thoughts what is to become of thy mother?"

"So kind and good is she, that my mother will be happy and proud in learning of the grand success of her only son!"

"And if thou art slain in battle?"

"What does it matter, my mother dear, for what is life? Is it not a dream at best? And one dreams of nothing save glory and renown at twenty years—if one is a gentleman! Look forward, my mother, to the decades yet to come, and behold your Bernard with the honorable rank of Colonel, or Field Marshal, or, mayhap, as *Chargé d'Affaires* at the high court of Versailles!"

"Ah, well; and if it proves thus in very truth, what will it all avail afterward?"

"Why, then it comes to pass that I shall be a subject of respect and consideration, not only here in our own province, but all the world over."

"And then?"

"Then I will marry my cousin Henrietta, and find eligible partners for my young sisters; and thou, *ma mère*, shalt watch over us; and our household, so tranquil and happy, shall be gathered together within my splendid domain in Bretagne."

"And what hinders you now, my son, from entering on this higher life of which you speak and dream so fondly to-day, and finding it within the shadow of your own grand forest? Did not your father leave as an inheritance to you the most superb fortune of any that we know about us? Does not your estate measure ten leagues in every direction; and where can one find a chateau more beautiful than that of Roche-Bernard? Thou hast surely forgotten the large number of thy trusty vassals, and thy staunch retainers. There is not one who fails in respectful homage to his young master; and each one doffs his cap when thou dost traverse the village. Do not, then, leave us, Bernard. Remain near thy friends, near thy young sisters, near thine aged mother, to whom, perhaps, in returning afterward to thy home, thou mayest never return. Do not waste thy young years in a vain pursuit after glory, and mayhap abridge by weary cares and sad disappointment days and months which always, alas! glide away from us too rapidly. Life is sweet, my boy, and the sun of Bretagne is so warm and bright."

While thus speaking, my mother led me to the large French windows of the

apartment, and pointed out the familiar scene outside. Lovely walks, that meandered through the extensive park; the venerable chestnut trees, now in full bloom; the sweet-scented lilac bushes, scattered over the parterre; the golden and scarlet honeysuckles, also, which embalmed the whole atmosphere with their delicate perfume, and whose verdure glistened in the morning sunlight.

Within the ante-chamber waited the old gardener and his family, lingering to bid the young master farewell. They stood sad, silent, seeming to reproach me by unspoken words, until the tremulous tones of old Jacque quavered forth the sad appeal, "Do not part from us, dear young master—do not go!"

Hortense, my eldest sister, held me in a tight embrace; and Amelia, the little one, who had hitherto been sitting in quiet, with demure look, in a corner of the saloon, absorbed in a delicious survey of engravings which embellished her favorite volume, "*La Fontaine's Fables*," now came forward, and with a tender grace peculiarly her own, and her eyes suffused with tears, presented me with the book, and tried to say, with sweet accent, "Read it—read *that one*, my brother!" It was the pathetic fable of "*The Two Pigeons*."

This last was more of torture than I could endure, although the sad pleadings could not change my adamant purpose; so, rising hastily—almost rudely—I repressed every manifestation of natural feeling, and said to them, with an imposing air of dignity, "I am twenty years old, remember, and—I am a gentleman!" Let me go!"

I scrutinized none of the sombre faces around me; I looked at none of them, in fact, but cast anxious glances toward the court-yard, and found, as Joseph had said, that all was in readiness for my departure.

I was just mounting on the box of the post-chaise, when a woman's dress fluttered on the arch above the front entrance of the chateau, just over the stone steps. It was Henrietta, the

woman I tenderly loved. She did not weep; she did not utter a single word; but was so pale and trembling that I saw she could scarcely stand. She gave me the sign of farewell with the white handkerchief she held in her hand, and it fluttered like an angel's wing above me. Then she sank down, quite unconscious. I hastened up the stairway, raised her lovingly in my arms, and made a solemn vow to remain ever faithful to my love, whatever fortune the years might bring to me.

She soon began to recover from the swoon, and then I left her to the care of my mother and sisters. I ran heedlessly to the carriage, without pausing an instant, or turning my head, for I knew that another encounter with Henrietta would utterly annihilate my resolution and courage; and it was too late for these to fail me now.

The coach rolled over the grand avenue, to the high road without, and soon the turrets of the old mansion grew dim in the distance.

For some hours I could only recall to mind the various members of my family—the remembrance of Henrietta, of my weeping sisters, of my fond mother, of all the happiness, indeed, that I had left behind me. These regrets, however, were soon effaced—in some degree—not only by the lapse of time and increasing distance, but by the dreamy tapestry I again began to weave of that ambition and glory which had long since permeated my whole soul.

What vast projects, what "castles in Spain," what brilliant exploits, did my brain work out in that plain, common post-chaise! Riches, honors, dignities unparalleled—success in every department. I refused myself nothing in the grand catalogue of great and good. I would merit, and I would attain. In brief, my rank increased proportionately to the distance travelled and the advance made on my route.

I was, in turn, Duke, Peer, Governor of a province, and Grand Mar-

shal of France, when I reached my appointed inn for the night. The voice of a domestic, who accosted me with the modest appellation of Monsieur le Chevalier, forced a speedy return to my real identity, and a necessary abdication for the time of principalities and powers.

On the morrow, however, and for many successive days, the same dreams returned to my active brain, for the journey was long, and unrelieved by any companionship.

At the termination I was to report myself to the Duke de C—, who had been an old friend of my father, the appointed guardian of his family, and whose estates lay in the environs of Sedan. He had desired me to accompany him to Paris, where, indeed, he was daily expected, where I would be presented to the Court at Versailles, and then obtain a commission in a regiment of dragoons.

I reached Sedan in the evening, and could not at so late an hour present myself at the chateau of my guardian, and hence took lodgings at "The Arms of France," considered the best hotel in the city, and the usual rendezvous of army officers—for Sedan is a strongly-fortified garrison, rather than a mere civic town. The streets have a warlike aspect; and even the peasants carry a sort of martial air about them, which seems to declare, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne!"

I supped at the table d'hôte, giving orders to the postillion to return at an early hour on the morrow, that I might reach the Chateau d'C— in good season, it being situated three leagues from the city.

"You will find no difficulty," said mine host of the inn, "in your search for the Duke. Every inhabitant of the place can direct you to him, as he is the most familiarly known of any noble in the province. It was at his chateau, gentlemen, you will recollect, occurred the death of that brave warrior and most celebrated man, the Marshal Fauber—Turenne;" and

then the conversation fell on the Marshal, as was natural between young officers.

They spoke of his many battles, of his renowned exploits, of the admirable modesty which induced him to refuse all patents of nobility, and even of the jewelled collar of his Order, which was tendered to him by Louis XIV. Above all other mystery, they discussed that inconceivable good fortune which had raised him from an untitled soldier to be Marshal of France, the proudest of all high distinctions—and he simply the son of a printer.

It was the only example on record that could be cited of a similar elevation from such obscure life; and so marvellous had it appeared, that the vulgar crowd did not hesitate to assign the wonder to supernatural agency. It was said, indeed, that Fauber, in his infancy, had been the favorite of some sorcerer, who inducted the child at an early age into the circle of magic and the black art—that the General had in later years entered into a compact with the devil; and our host, who was influenced by the besotted intellect of an ignorant peasantry, and the credulous heresies of all rural Bretons, assured us with great *sang-froid*, that in the Chateau d'C—, where Turenne died, was seen the apparition of a black man, or demon, who glided into the fatal chamber, and afterward disappearing, had no doubt carried with him the soul of the dead Marshal, of which prize his Satanic majesty could never be deprived. He further maintained, that in the month of May, in which occurs the anniversary of Fauber's death, can be seen, in his former apartments, a feeble light, carried by a dusky phantom. This recital enlivened, in a somewhat ghastly way, however, the hour devoted to our desert, and we drank a bottle of the sparkling wine of Champagne to the sable demon of Turenne, praying him, meanwhile, if he had the supreme power, to take us also under his dusky wing of probation, and assist us to con-

quer in battle, as did the hero of Colloëre and of La Marfée.

On the morrow, rising early, I presented myself in good season at the chateau of the Duke, an immense Gothic manor, that at any other time would not, perhaps, have obtained so special inspection, but which I regarded now with a sentiment of curiosity, not unmingled with nervous excitement and suppressed awe, recalling the details, of which I had been a listener, by the old inn-keeper of "The Arms of France." The valet who met me at the vestibule, on mounting the massive stone entrance-way of the castle, and to whom I addressed myself, replied that he did not know whether or not his master was visible at this hour; and especially did he doubt whether he would receive myself. I gave the man my name, and without further parley he went out, leaving me alone in a kind of *salle d'armes*, decorated with trophies of the chase and family portraits.

A reasonable length of time passed, and still I awaited the servant's return. This career of glory and honor, then, of which I had so vividly dreamed, I had really commenced by waiting, like some menial, in an empty ante-chamber! said I to myself. Discontent was first induced by such lonely neglect; and then an irritable impatience gained upon my temper. I had already counted over and over again the portraits of the family, and had scrutinized all the beams of the ceiling, when I heard a light movement within a Gothic arch that was partly concealed behind a screen.

I took the liberty of removing this barrier slightly, and perceived beyond it a very tasteful boudoir, lighted by two great windows, and a glass door which opened upon a magnificent park.

The temptation to advance a few steps was irresistible, and almost without volition I found myself within the apartment, but was immediately arrested by the sight of a man lying on a couch, under a silken canopy, with

his back toward the screen. He partly raised himself from the lounge, but without being in the least conscious of my presence, then rose and moved rapidly to one of the large windows.

The furrows of many years were on his emaciated face, and a dark despair seemed imprinted on every lineament. He remained immovable as a statue, for I know not how long—to my excited imagination it appeared an age—with his head buried in his hands, and then began to pace, with heavy strides, through the room. Suddenly he perceived a stranger near him, and I saw him violently tremble. As for myself, humiliated and bewildered at what seemed an impertinent indiscretion on my part, I felt anxious to beat a retreat if possible, and stammered out some vague words of apology for such intrusion.

"Who are you, then, and what do you wish with me?" he said, in a loud, clear voice, at the same time grasping my arm with a strong, firm hold.

"I am the Chevalier Bernard de la Roche-Bernard, and have just arrived from Brittany," was my answer.

"I know—I know," he replied, exhibiting great agitation. Then he threw himself into my arms, to my extreme discomfiture, and when recovered from this excitement made me sit down beside him on the couch, speaking all the while, with great vivacity, of my father, and other members of my family, whom he seemed to know well.

I could not for a moment doubt, even without any personal or acquired recognition, that this strange being was the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur d'C—?" I ventured finally to inquire.

He rose on the instant, glared fiercely at me, with a species of wicked exultation, and then replied, "I was once the Duke! I am so no more. I am—a nonentity—nothing!" Seeing my bewildered air, he continued: "Not a word more, young man! not a question further!"

Sincerely penitent for having been

an involuntary, if not unwilling, witness of so much sorrow and mortification, I wished to express as much to the Duke, and to assure him of my true sympathy, my future friendship and devotion, trusting that these might prove some alleviation of his misery. The Duke frequently interrupted me by brief ejaculations, such as, "Yes, yes! you have reason — but no, you can do nothing — *nothing* that can effect any change in my condition. You are sent here to receive my last will, and to hear my last solemn vows. These are the only services I can now expect from you."

He closed the door opening out upon the parterre cautiously, and then returned to his seat beside me; and I, more tremulous and agitated than my companion, waited to hear any further communication he might be disposed to make.

His after words were grave and solemn, while an expression passed over his face that I had not before noticed. The brow, which I attentively scrutinized, seemed marked by some strange fatality. His whole countenance, pallid in the extreme, glowed, as it were, by the burning, glistening light in his large black eyes. It was like a weird internal fire, that broke out sometimes in a glance of fearful suffering, and anon with an ironical, almost infernal, smile.

"What I am about to relate to you," he observed, "will utterly confound your reason. You will doubt its veracity; you will probably cast it aside without reservation.

"Indeed, my own faith is sorely staggered at times; and oh! that I could permanently question its truth; but the proofs are strong as adamant, and — they are true. Why should we question any mystery?"

"Does it not exist in all which surrounds us? In our own very organism, even, to which we must submit without being able to comprehend?"

He paused an instant, as if to gather back his wandering thoughts, passed

his hand over his forehead, and then went on with his narrative:

"I had two brothers older than myself, who inherited the estate and honors of our venerable mansion, and I possessed nothing, indeed, nor had anything to expect, save the embroidered mantle and jewelled collar of some old Abbé, to whom my father had in some way endeared himself; hence my brain was continually fermenting with visions of ambition and glory — my heart palpitating tumultuously with vast promises to be fulfilled.

"The very obscurity in which my life was immured made this feverish thirst for romance only the more importunate; and I could only dream away the hours in devising means to accomplish what was the one idea paramount within me, and which absorbed, in fact, all the pleasure and sweetness of existence.

"The dull, monotonous present appeared an utter vacuum, and I endured it simply by looking forward to the future; even the future, to my morbid sense, presented itself under a most sombre aspect.

"I was nearly twenty years old, and had actually accomplished nothing. On every side there were men who had raised themselves from insignificant station by securing a literary reputation at the Capitol, and whose *éclat* had reached to the most distant provinces of the kingdom.

"Ah! how often did I exclaim to myself, 'if I could thus work out so brilliant a pathway in the career of letters, happy would be my destiny — no other renown should I desire. Here a man might find quiet rest, and unalloyed felicity!'

"The confidante of my sorrow was a valuable domestic of the family, an old negro, who had belonged to the chateau before I was born. He was, in fact, said to be more ancient than the mansion itself, and no person in all the range of country round about could recall the distant period when he might

have entered it. The superstitious peasantry even pretended that Iago (this is the negro's name) had known the Marshal Turenne a century before, and had assisted at his burial rites, as well as his death-bed."

I suppose my companion now perceived the sudden start and gesture of surprise that escaped me, for he paused in his recital and inquired the reason.

"It was nothing," I replied; "a mere nervous tremor to which I am subject."

Yet, in spite of myself, I felt the black demon—of whom I had heard the inn-keeper make uncomfortable suggestions a few hours before—as a breathing presence in the apartment.

The Duke continued: "On a certain day I had the misfortune to exhibit before Iago all the bitterness and despair that was in my heart; and with a fierce exclamation I cried out, 'I would give ten years of my life to be placed in the front rank of authorship!'

"Ten years," the black answered, 'is a long period. Is it not paying a little too dear for a thing? However, it does not matter. I accept your ten years, and will take them from you. Fulfil your own promise, and I will hold firmly to mine.'

"It would be impossible to depict, in words, the intense wonder, akin to mortal terror, that seized upon me as Iago thus spoke. I fancied that accumulated years had disordered and enfeebled his intellect; and although I smiled carelessly, I shrugged my shoulders as I left the apartment. The strange compact into which we had so recklessly been drawn troubled both my waking and sleeping thoughts. Some hours afterward, however, I left the chateau for a journey to Paris.

"In this city I soon found myself launched broadly into the coveted circle of men of letters, who encouraged my first attempts at intellectual effort, and under whose patronage I published several extensive works, of which I need not weary you by a repetition of their success. It is enough to say, that

in a few brief years all Paris sought and perused these volumes with avidity—that literary journals echoed far and wide my praises—that the name I had adopted became celebrated as the fashion, and to-day, young man, you are one of the crowd who admires it."

Here was indeed a new source of bewilderment—for as yet I was too ingenuous and unconventional for hypocrisy—and his narrative again suffered interruption, and I exclaimed aloud:

"You are not, then, the Duke d' C— after all?"

"No," he replied coldly, and again, within myself, I debated: "A celebrated man of letters! Who is he? Is he Marmontel? is he Alembert, or Voltaire? Not Mirabeau, for he was externally hideous."

The unknown seemingly divined my perplexity, for he sighed deeply, while a smile—partly of regret, in part irony or contempt—passed lightly over his lips, before he again resumed his mystic story.

"The literary reputation which I had so envied in others, so eagerly sought for myself, proved an imbecile power over so ardent and exacting a nature as mine, and once more I aspired to some more noble service.

"Iago still followed me as a grim spectre; and again I said to him: 'There is more real glory, a more veritable renown, to be reaped in the career of arms, than in aught else. These men of science and *belles-lettres*, what are they? Visionary in theory; fantastical as poets—mere nonentities! But speak to one of a great commander—a general, weather-beaten and scarred by the toils of war—and the world envies so grand a destiny. For this exultant military prestige I would gladly relinquish ten years more of that life which may still be in reserve for me.'

"Once more I accept your challenge," spake Iago. 'I take these cast-off years from you—they are unreservedly mine. Master, do not forget the compact.'

At this stage of his dark, supernal

history of personal events, the unknown paused, as if some demoniac influence were busy within his perturbed, disorganized spirit, and the silent, darkening apartment in which we sat grew funereal with gloom, to my own rather amazed mind. The black ghost seemed to brush past my garments, and, shivering with this secret dread, a troubled doubt must have passed across my face, for, without further questioning, the man resumed :

"I told you, young man, that my narrative would seem like a flimsy dream to you! a mere chimera! So does it also to myself, oftentimes. And yet, believe me, the honors I have secured—the high grade of rank—are no illusion. The brave soldiers whom I led through the fiery ordeal of mortal conflict, the redoubts we raised, the colors we took from the enemy, the glorious standards of our own country which floated out from the midst of my manly legions, the victories that were mine, have sounded with no fictitious clarion throughout the sunny kingdom of our own Belle France. My work was real; the glory that ensued was mine by trustful right."

These memories were an excitation to his brain, for he paced the room with rapid steps, speaking the while in a tone of heat and enthusiasm. My own senses congealed as with frost and paralysis. Amazement, superstition, terror, seized me, and I appealed to him, almost in a frenzy: "What are you, then, who stand so near me? Are you the pure-minded Coligny? Are you the crafty Richelieu, or the brave Marshal Saxe?"

Before my own speech had ceased, the state of excited exultation which had inspired my companion faded quite away, leaving him deeply pensive, even dejected to intense gloom. Advancing near enough to take my hand, he said, with a solemn inflection of voice that can never be described or forgotten:

"What is the matter, young friend? Are you afraid to learn the sad his-

tory? Shall I desist, or shall I proceed?"

I nodded, rather than uttered, an assent, and then he continued:

"Iago spake truly. I had indeed paid too dear for everything. The ideal of military glory, so long a fascination to my heart, to which I had not only aspired, but which I had also successfully obtained, now palled upon my nature with a sickening disgust; and again my weary soul called out in urgent prayer for other good."

"Let me have the only effective boon that the world affords—gold—and that imperial power which vast estate and well-filled treasury impart. Let it be mine, Iago, even at the sacrifice of five or six more years of life! And my impious discontent was answered, with a lavish hand, through the power of this black slave."

"Yes, young man; yes! I have fortune excelled by few, and far surpassing all my dreams. I have lands, forests, chateaux. This morning all these blessings were mine to enjoy; and if for a moment you doubt my words—if you have any lingering skepticism of Iago—wait a little, and it will be dispelled by a personal presence. He will surely come, when you may see for yourself—your own eyes will behold that which will utterly confound your reason. Alas, that, to me, it is even now unfortunately too real!"

The unknown now approached the chimney-mantle, glanced at the clock, made a sudden movement of fear, and whispered, as he cast furtive glances at the closed door:

"This morning, at day-break, I felt so languid and oppressed that I could scarcely rise from my couch. I rang the bell for my valet, but it was Iago who answered the call."

"Tell me," I cried to him in desperate fear, "what is it that weighs so heavily on my spirit? What does it all portend?"

"Nothing, master, but what is natural," said the slave. "The appointed hour approaches—the fatal moment

that unseals our compact has arrived!"

"What hour, and what moment, Iago?"

"Do you not perceive my meaning, oh my master? The decree of heaven bestowed on you seventy years of life. You had already completed twenty-five years when I began to obey your impious behests."

"Iago, good Iago," I moaned in awful fear, "dost thou indeed speak truth, and am I the condemned wretch you describe?"

"Yes, master, it is time! For a few brief years of evanescent glory, pleasure, and renown, you have bartered a long life-time of an otherwise happy existence. It was a voluntary gift, on your part, to the slave Iago, and they belong of right to him. Your lost days will be added to my own."

"What! and is this the price of thy service to me?"

"Others, my master, have paid dearer still. Remember thou the brave Marshal Turenne, whom I thus protected also!"

"Ah, well!" I said at last, but with a fainting effort; "take back thy earthly good, Iago, for which I have sacrificed my all. Give me but five hours more of life, and I renounce my gold, my vast estates, all this opulence which once I coveted."

"Let it be so," he replied. "Thou hast been to me a good master, and gladly would I repay in part thy beneficence by some act in kind. I consent to what thou sayest."

"These words revived my dying courage, and strength returned to my fainting frame. 'Five hours! ah, that is small reprieve, indeed!' I mused.

"Iago, Iago! let four hours more be added, and I renounce all my mental labor, which has placed my name so high in the world's applause. Good Iago, grant me but four hours more!"

"Four hours for that?" exclaimed the negro with contempt. "It is too long a time for a fame so transient and so false. Yet, it does not matter, and I cannot refuse thy last request."

"Oh! not the last—not the last, Iago!" returned I, clasping my hands in agony. "Iago, Iago! I supplicate thee once more. Give me till this evening—the whole twelve hours—until the deepest darkness falls, and my exploits, my victories, my martial renown, shall be forever obliterated from the memory of men—there shall remain no trace of its former power upon the earth. Only this one day, good Iago, and I shall be too content—too happy!"

"Thou dost surely abuse my clemency, good master," he replied; "and your slave is but the dupe of a deep-seated gratitude. Still, it matters not; I consent to give thee life until the glimmer of the setting sun has darkened into midnight gloom. When the day has quite departed, then I will return to claim my prize."

"And he has gone," resumed the unknown, in a voice tremulous with despair; "and this day in which I am speaking to you is the last one remaining to me."

He drew toward the glass door, which was open, and gave a long, fond survey of the lovely scene outside—the more distant park, the nearer avenue and pasture—and then, in a voice of tenderest pathos, thus soliloquized upon the mute objects of his love:

"I shall never again behold the clear blue sky—these fluttering leaves, so brilliant in their fresh verdure—these sparkling fountains must forever be hidden from mine eyes. I shall never more breathe this air, so embalmed with the sweet perfumes of spring. Alas, alas, what a senseless idiot I have been! The glorious heavens, which God gives to all—these common benefits, to which my heart heretofore was so oblivious, and of which, until now, I could never conceive half the sweetness—I could have enjoyed for twenty-five more years! And my past days, how have they been misused? I sacrificed them all for a senile glory, which never rendered me happy, and that now dies with me."

"Tenez, tenez!" he hurriedly cried to me, pointing out the peasants who were crossing the park, in return from their daily labor, singing as they went, "what would I not give to partake of their labor, and their adversity? But I have nothing more to give — nothing more to hope here below — not even the pains of misfortune!"

At this moment a ray of sunshine — the sunlight that falls over the earth in the joyous month of May — gleamed upon his wan and hopeless features. He seized me by the arm, with a kind of delirium, and said:

"Behold! behold! how beautiful is the light of the sun! And I must leave all this loveliness, through my own reckless folly!"

Even while bemoaning this sad fate in the preceding words, he shot away from me like an arrow, ran into the park, made a detour in one of the alleys, and disappeared before I could possibly prevent him.

My strength of nerve entirely deserted me at this crisis, and I sank down under the canopy where I had just seen the wretched man lying — deaf, blind and dumb, paralyzed by all that I had witnessed and heard since entering the apartment.

How long this inertia continued, I could not tell; but, when its first effects were over, I essayed to rise, with difficulty, and walked slowly about the room to convince myself that I was fully awake, and not stupefied by some fatal influence, or dreaming.

Just then the door of the boudoir opened, and a domestic entered who said to me: "Here is my master, sir, the Duke d' C——, for whom you made inquiry;" and a gentleman of about sixty years, with a benign yet distinguished air and patrician face, came toward me, with outstretched hands of welcome, and craving pardon for my being so long detained in waiting for him.

"I was absent from the chateau when you arrived here, having gone to Paris for consultation and advice on

the state of health of the Count d' C——, my youngest brother."

"Is there danger of a fatal termination to his disease?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, Monsieur, I hope by the blessing of heaven there is not. But in his early youth his mind became warped and morbid by imaginative illusions of glory and ambition that he felt himself destined to acquire, which became at last a very grave, obstinate malady, in which he expected to die. This has finally declined into some irregular action of the brain—a kind of delirium, or alienation of mind—persuading him that he has but *one day to live*. This is the weak but sad hallucination, that disturbs him!"

The mystery of my fearful morning, just past, was now explained, and contained a convincing moral, which I could not lightly esteem.

"And now," continued the Duke, "we will return to yourself and your own prospects, young gentleman, and find what we can do for your advancement. At the close of this month we will leave for Versailles, where I shall make your first presentation at Court."

"I know well your kind intentions toward me, Monsieur le Duc, and your capacity for fulfilling them; but, in refusing their acceptance, I come to thank you all the same."

"What! Do you renounce a place at Court, and all the advantages that await you there?"

"Yes, Monsieur, it is true."

"Do you not know, young gentleman, that through my endeavors and influence your rise there will be brilliant and rapid? With a little patience and perseverance, it may also be permanent."

"Ah! but it will be ten years, mayhap, of utter loss," I mused to myself, yet audibly enough for the Duke to catch the meaning.

"Ah, well!" he continued, with astonishment at my obtuse resolve, "is that paying too dear for glory, for for-

tune, for honor? Come, young man, let us depart for Versailles!"

"No, Monsieur le Duc, I must return to Bretagne; and, in leaving, I pray you accept my affectionate souvenirs of regard, as also that of my family."

"This is childish folly!" exclaimed the Duke, hotly.

Recalling the scene just passed in the boudoir, wherein the wretched Count d'C—— and myself were the actors, I replied, mentally, to the words of the Duke: "Is it not, rather, the only true wisdom?"

The morrow found me en route for my beloved Brittany. No words can convey the delight I experienced as the fine old chateau of Roche-Bernard gleamed out in the distance, with the old trees of the park for its environs and guard—the bright sun of Brittany shining above and around all.

I found again my vassals, my sisters, my mother, and—happiness; which has never since deserted my heart nor my home; for, eight days afterward, I married my young love, Henrietta.

A. M. S.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

O tender, happy, summer haze!

I lend me to your witching spell,

And lay me down to gaze and gaze

Out through your glamour into ways

Whose beauty none can ever tell.

There is a splendor in the air,

The sombre wood, the yellowing field,

Which sheds its radiance everywhere;

And who so soulless but must yield

An homage to the good and fair!

Ah well! let field and wood and sky

In the old summer sunshine smile,

And fleecy clouds drift gayly by;

Earth has its seasons, and the while

A few may live, the rest may die.

G. E. Wright.

MARGARET RAYNOR'S WAITING.

JOHN RAYNOR believed in special providences. What of that? So do you and I—do we not? Very likely; and yet, perhaps, we never say so in words. Some people say what they believe; others believe, and say nothing.

But this was how John Raynor believed in special providences. He was always using the expression in an indefinite—mind, I do not say irreverent—sort of way, to indicate certain definite moves which, in their results, had far exceeded his plans; or more often, perhaps, to indicate certain fortunate results, in the accomplishing of which he was not conscious of any design or plan.

That is to say, farther, he was in the habit of making acknowledgments such as this: "The decision of such and such an hour has changed the current of my whole life. What led me to it I cannot imagine. It must have been a special providence."

You will observe that it was always after the event had transpired, that he recognized the special providence that led to it; but, for all that, he was not unlike many and many a good man and woman that you and I know; and, after all, it is something to believe and acknowledge that much, even though the belief be not a rooted and grounded faith, and the acknowledging be simply a form of words.

The only mistake he made in the application—the mistake people are always making when they talk about certain days and hours being turning points in their lives, and certain events changing its current—is that they stop at the fraction of a truth; they seem to forget that all the days and hours that have preceded that particular one which they have marked with a white stone, have been leading to it.

We may believe, or we may disbe-

lieve, but there is a pendulum that swings, and swings, and swings; and every stroke makes a notch passed, and that notch has changed our lives. But how? Not by the pendulum's swinging out of its place, making now and then a tick that rings out and vibrates like a bell; not by stopping for minutes and days together, until its sudden stroke shall startle the world; but by a steady *tick, tick*. That is all. There is no starting fresh. It is all going on.

But, what of special providence, if the strokes be all alike?

Ah! good friend, we write what we will upon the notches that mark the strokes. The good God, if we will have him, helps us hold the pen; and sometimes when we look back upon a notch that glows and burns, and promises to brighten all the days that are to come, we smile and say, "I never dreamed that it would shine like that;" and then, with a consciousness that we cannot claim the writing all our own, and a little thrill of thanksgiving, we say—not that it was God, but "It must have been a special providence;" and there we stop. But what of the notch before, and the one before that, and all the others? They had to be passed, and one handwriting was on them all. Aye, they had to be passed, and we—we never could have written that shining sentence, unless we had written hundreds of words before that were only scrawls and blots and failures: and the same hand held ours then, and was not sorry for the scrawls, because He saw what they were leading to.

But, to go back, John Raynor believed in special providences; and yet if he had known or even mistrusted, when he suddenly made up his mind, one Saturday afternoon in July, to run up to Lyndon to spend the Sabbath with his sister Margaret and the

boys, what was to be the immediate result of the decision, he would have hesitated long before making it. Very likely he would have given up the idea altogether. And what then? Why, for one thing, this story would not have been told.

The decision was made with his watch in his hand. To tell the truth, the watch was the more important speaker of the two. "If it is n't too late," was his exclamation when the idea first flashed across him. "Time enough," said the watch; "time enough, if you hurry;" and, two minutes after, he had turned the key in his office door, and three more found him in an up-town stage.

"Bother this going up and coming down again, just for Sunday clothes!" was his mental exclamation, as he paid his fare and unfolded the evening paper. "Won't they be surprised, though!" was his next thought, and either that, or the newspaper, or both, restored him to amiability, and no passenger took the jolting, the crowding, the getting in and out, more stoically than he on that hot afternoon.

His watch was not going to be responsible for any failure in his plans. There was no doubt about that; for whatever it said to him as he glanced at it when he got out of the stage, it very evidently would not allow him to be influenced by his own inclinations or by the weather; and so, spite of the oppressive heat, he walked rapidly down the street, and, running up the steps of a handsome house, turned the key and went up stairs, without speaking to any one. In fact, there was no one to speak to.

In an incredibly short space of time—for a young man—he came down again with a travelling-bag and linen duster on his arm, and the general air of a pleasure-seeker in his whole person. Men have the knack of transforming themselves so quickly from down-town business men to gentlemen of leisure.

A stage was at the corner as he

reached it; the last ferry-boat seemed to be only waiting for him, and the conductor said "All aboard" for the last time just as he stepped upon the train. So far everything favored his enterprise.

"Evenin' 'Spress!" called out a newsboy, and of course Mr. Raynor bought a paper and fell to reading before the car was fairly out of the depot. What if he had read the "Evening Telegraph" half an hour before! Any man, in these days, who goes to bed at night without having read two or three evening papers, must do so with a profound sense of his ignorance of what is going on in the world!

Just think what stupid people our great-grandfathers must have been!

But evening papers, be they never so full of news, will not last forever any more than the daylight will; and so it happened that the paper was finished and the cars stopped just as the day was done.

Mr. Raynor picked up his bag and went out of the car. Twenty or thirty other gentlemen did the same thing. The train that stood on the other side of the platform was on a branch road leading from Adams' Junction to Lyndon Springs, and beyond there, for aught I know—though beyond that point we are not specially interested. Most of the gentlemen were en route for the latter-named place, and that fact—or possibly the fact that they could not see to read—made them quite sociable.

"We shall be just in time for the hop, only it is confoundedly warm for dancing," said a young man who had taken a seat with Mr. Raynor. "These Saturday evening dances at watering-places are so pleasant; do n't you think so?" he added.

"Very," was Mr. Raynor's brief reply. He evidently did not think it worth the while to explain that he was going to stop at Lyndon, three miles this side of the Springs, to spend a quiet Sabbath with his sister in a private boarding-house.

"Have n't I met you before?" continued the loquacious youth. "Perhaps it was at the South-side sociables last winter — charming parties, were n't they? And how dull it seems now, with nothing but Saturday nights to look forward to. Have you been to Long Branch this season?"

Mr. Raynor had n't been to Long Branch, and he said so in just so many words. The other questions he had no opportunity to answer. It was just as well. The questioner asked and answered, regardless of his inattentive listener, until he got tired of the one-sided conversation and betook himself to the smoking-car.

John Raynor could be dreadfully unsocial, and I do n't know that a man has any call to be social in a railway car, unless he feels inclined to be, and if he is willing to bear the consequences. He shut his eyes and gave himself up to the luxury of thinking; and if he meant by so doing (shutting his eyes, I mean) to save himself from any further questioning, the ruse proved effective, for his companion on his return to the car took a seat some distance from him, where he found a congenial spirit with whom he discussed the latest dances, and other subjects of equal importance.

And Mr. John Raynor kept on thinking. He was indebted to the young man for the new turn his thoughts had taken, and, strange as it may seem, they were very serious, sober thoughts, or grew to be so as he dwelt upon them. He was not so old that he had to look very far back to remember when he had anticipated with as much pleasure as any one the prospect of a gay evening. But it is not so much the years, as what the years bring, that make a man: and looking back to those days led him to look at the intervening ones — the days that had made him the John Raynor that he was.

There had been a good many events in his life that he had never looked back upon as special providences—bitter, sad memories they were; failures

of the kind that precious few men can thank God for, this side of the grave, even though they come to see dimly that out of them have grown their greatest blessings. It was the old story of a rich man's son looking to his father's money, and counting it allowable for a "Raynor" to be a little "fast." People shook their heads when they heard of his pranks at college, and his gayety abroad, and wondered that a son of John Raynor could be such a wild fellow. That was when he was only John Raynor, Jr. Then came a day, four years before, when he awoke one morning to find himself John Raynor. It is something to bear the weight of a new name. A father leaves to his son a name to honor or to disgrace. And however old sons may be—fathers themselves, perhaps—I do not believe one ever stood by his father's coffin without appreciating, as he never had done, the responsibility of the burden that life imposes. But when in his father's death he receives a name that has never been quite his before, there is something in the very sound, in the strangeness of writing it and seeing it on paper, that makes it a constant reminder of his new responsibility.

Is it too much to say, that perhaps leaving the "Jr." off his name had much to do with the shaping of his future life?

It had been a grief to Mr. Raynor while he lived that he could not add to the sign above his office-door "and Son," but who can tell that he was not gladly conscious, in his new life "beyond the grieving and the fretting," that the old sign did not have to be taken down? Certain it is, that his many friends were glad and thankful, and with the gladness that shows itself in sensible proofs, they kept kindly near to their old friend's son, and he was saved.

But when a young man has gone out of the right path a long way, the road back is not an easy one; and so it happened that those first years of bus-

iness, that to most young men are years of self-congratulation and important zeal, made bright by society's demands and pleasures, had been to him years of *making up*, too full of the fruits of repentance to be spent in gayety.

Some such thoughts as these were in his mind when the conductor, taking up tickets, roused him from his reverie.

"Ticket, sir?"

He gave it mechanically, and went on with his meditations. Even the stopping of the train did not interrupt him; and it was again under full headway, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he saw the conductor again on his round, and most of the gentlemen stirring themselves preparatory to leaving the car.

"What station is this?" he asked.

"Lyndon Springs."

He turned to the conductor: "Have we passed Lyndon?"

"Yes, sir; the last station. I took your ticket; why did n't you get out?"

Of course, everybody was looking. It is so stupid in a man not to know enough to get off when he gets to his journey's end. Mr. Raynor had to make the best of it.

"Because I was — asleep, and thinking of something else," he added. "How far is it?" turning again to the conductor.

"From Lyndon to the Springs?"

"Yes."

"Three miles. See here, young man, somebody else has made a mistake, for a gentleman got off there, and I had only one ticket for Lyndon."

"Well, it's something of a comfort to know that some one else has been as stupid as I," he said, assuming an indifferent air, which, to be sure, was not in accordance with his feelings, but which was, on the whole, the best thing he could do.

"I did n't know there was such a place as Lyndon," said the gentleman in front. "The names, being so nearly alike, must confuse people."

"Why, I understood you to say that

you were going to the Springs," said the loquacious youth, whom he had snubbed an hour before. You see, he was suffering the consequences of being unsociable.

"No; I have a sister who is spending the summer very quietly at Lyndon. Fortunately she is not expecting me to-night; and, on the whole, I shall not be sorry to take a look at the famous Lyndon Springs."

An old gentleman, who did n't believe in taking anything in life as a joke, sat just opposite. He thumped his cane on the floor, and growled out:

"Wrong — all wrong — this giving two stations the same name."

"Why, they are not the same; one is Lyndon, and the other is Lyndon Springs."

"What of that? It amounts to about the same thing. There ought not to be any such place as Lyndon. I came near making the same mistake, three years ago, the first time I came over the road. I told the conductor then that he ought to explain; but they don't care." And he looked so much more like the injured party than Mr. Raynor, that it would naturally lead one to wonder what might have been the probable condition of affairs had he really been in that gentleman's place.

Half a dozen times that evening Mr. Raynor congratulated himself upon being among so many pleasant people; but before he went to bed he had made arrangements for a Sunday morning drive to Lyndon.

But if he accepted the situation coolly, it could hardly be supposed that Mr. Hugh Mandeville, having bought a ticket for Lyndon Springs, with the expectation of spending the Sabbath there with his mother and sisters, should have felt particularly pleased when he found himself in a little forlorn depot, three miles from his destination. It did not improve matters, either, to reflect that he had asked the conductor, as the train stopped, if this was Lyndon, and had received an affirmative reply, with an encouraging little nod

from that official, as he stepped off. To be sure, his ticket was in his pocket; but he was under the impression he had given it up.

"Is there no carriage here?" he had said, as the train moved off.

The only man on the premises was regarding him curiously.

"Wall, no; I guess not. This being an extra, do n't bring many passengers only to the Springs."

"What place is this?" he asked, starting suddenly. "I supposed I got off at Lyndon Springs."

The man gave a smile that might have meant to express sympathy, but savored strongly of amusement.

"Well, stranger, you've made a mistake, I reckon; but you ain't the first man I've known to stop three miles short of his mark."

"Is there any way of getting to the Springs to-night?"

"Wall, there ain't no more trains, and there ain't much probability that you'll find anybody that will want to take you over the hills to-night; and you don't look as if you felt like hoofing it there yourself."

"Is n't there a hotel near?"

"Yes, there's Perkins'; but it's a good half mile off, and not the best kind, either. See here; there's Mis' Angel's boy. She takes boarders, and like as any way she's got a spare bed. See here, Dick!"

A fourteen-year-old boy, half a dozen rods from the depot, answered the call.

"Did you speak to me?" he said.

"See here, boy; here's a stranger got left, and wants to stay all night somewhere. Do n't you 'spose your mar has got a spare bed she can give him?"

Richard was evidently used to business. He looked at the stranger as if it made some difference who occupied that spare bed; and, evidently satisfied with his investigation, he replied in quite a gentlemanly manner:

"Mother has a room, sir; I am sure she can accommodate you. This way, please. Shall I take one of your bags?"

And so, while Mrs. Mandeville sat out on the piazza of the hotel, Lyndon Springs, waiting for her son, he was walking quietly along, under the lead of a young man, to a spare room and comfortable accommodations, three miles away.

"Is your house far off, my boy?" he said.

"Just where you see the light—only a few steps. How did you make a mistake, sir? Did the conductor tell you wrong?"

The question sounded very much like a boy, and was only a modest way of saying:

"Did n't you know enough to get off at the right station?"

Mr. Mandeville laughed.

"It was all myself, I think. I heard the brakeman say 'Lyndon,' and I took it for granted that Lyndon and Lyndon Springs meant the same thing. How did you happen to be at the depot?"

"Why, I do n't hardly know. This train never stops unless there is some one to get off; but there are some little boys at our house who thought, perhaps, their brother might come to-night; and when I first saw you I supposed you were he."

"So you were expecting some one?"

"Oh, no; it was only the boys; they got it into their heads that their brother John would surely come, though he was here last week, and said he could n't come again in two weeks. You see there was n't any real reason to look for him, only they wanted to see him."

"I'm afraid your little friends will learn that wanting people do n't often bring them. What do you think?"

"I do n't know, sir. I think, though, that I like some people who come without being wanted."

It was a very delicate compliment for a boy. Mr. Mandeville could n't help being pleased with the young man.

"Mother!"

A middle-aged lady came to the

hall, where, at Dick's direction, Mr. Mandeville was depositing his bag and coat.

"A gentleman, mother, who intended to go on to the Springs, but made a mistake. We have room for him, have we not?"

"Certainly; come right in," was the pleasant greeting.

Either she had confidence in her son's judgment in regard to lodgers, or she was a very hospitable, unsuspecting woman, for she did not so much as ask the stranger's name.

Mr. Mandeville was very tired; and the sitting-room looked so cozy and comfortable that he was almost glad he had made a mistake; and when, half an hour after, he got up from a bountiful supper, and was shown a large, airy bed-room, he could n't help saying to Mrs. Angel that he considered it a special stroke of good fortune that he had blundered into so pleasant a retreat. "except," he said, "that I am afraid my mother will be greatly disappointed."

"Where's Miss Raynor?" said Mrs. Angel, as they sat down to breakfast next morning.

"Oh, sister Margaret has headache, and said, would you please excuse her this morning? She does not want any breakfast, and will come down stairs when she feels better."

Just then the entrance of Mr. Mandeville changed the subject. Everybody at the table looked at him. You and I may as well do the same, inasmuch as we may do so without being accused of staring, and with no danger of embarrassment on either side. Moreover, we have an advantage that Mrs. Angel's boarders had not, for that good woman introduced him without noticing that she did n't know his name herself.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered, handsomely-built man, with a face a little too stern to be in keeping with his quiet manners and his genial, pleasant way of speaking. He might have been thirty-five, though he looked anywhere from thirty to forty.

He smiled at the idea of being introduced as a gentleman who made a mistake; and it may have been the smile that made every one forget the stern expression, when he explained, in a good-humored way, his blunder of the night before.

The small boys, Hart and Bertie Raynor, who had heard the story the night before, felt quite like heroes when they explained that if it had n't been for them Dick would n't have gone to the depot; and sister Margaret not being at the table to keep them quiet, they improved the opportunity by expatiating at length upon their plans for the next week, when brother John would really and truly come.

There was a general murmur of approbation among the company when, after breakfast, they adjourned to the piazza.

Mrs. Angel could hardly be said to keep a boarding-house. It was not large enough for that, and had not at all the air of such an institution. She simply took boarders in the summer, because the house was larger than the family needed, and because—for other reasons—reasons that her friends in Boston could not understand, any more than they could understand why she would insist on staying in that forlorn place, Lyndon, the year around, when, now that her husband was dead, there was no earthly need of it. Of course, while he lived she *had* to be buried there, because she had been foolish enough to marry a country doctor.

This summer the house had been unusually full. "Pleasant, refined people, all of them," Mr. Mandeville had mentally declared; and he was wondering as he made arrangements with Dick to drive him to the Springs, why his mother never found such a place for the summer, instead of choosing a noisy hotel.

"I wish sister Maggie was up," said Hart, as they stayed waiting for the carriage.

"Why?"

"Because I'd ask her if I could n't

go, too, for, seeing you've *got* to go, I do n't believe she would think it very wicked, if it is Sunday; but I do n't know; I guess I had n't better ask her. Ah! there she is!" and Mr. Mandeville, looking up, caught just the glimpse of a white dress in the hall. The next instant a frightened horse came dashing down the road, and all eyes were turned in that direction. Mr. Mandeville sprang forward—he was standing with Hart at the gate—and reached the road just in time to seize the furious animal. There was no stopping him until he had himself been dragged some distance, and the one occupant of the light carriage had been thrown to the ground, just in front of Mrs. Angel's gate.

Running to the door at the first sound of alarm, Margaret Raynor saw the whole occurrence; saw at the first glance what no one else did, that the young man in the perilous position was her brother. An instant before, she had thought, "Oh, if John were only here to enjoy this perfect Sabbath, instead of being suffocated in the city!" and now before she reached the gate she had comprehended the whole situation. He had changed his plan; had started for Lyndon, and possibly falling in with friends, had decided to go on to the Springs for the night, and was now on his return, eager to surprise her. It all flashed upon her, and it was her cry that smote the air as the crisis came.

It was a sorry sight for an only sister to look upon; and they gently pushed her aside as they raised the bruised and bleeding body and carried it into the house. But her woman's weakness had spent itself in that one agonized cry; and her woman's strength came with the emergency. There was no crying or sobbing, no questioning or fluttering on her part. She looked into the face of the Doctor, who, fortunately, was close at hand, and she knew that, white and senseless as her brother was, he was not dead.

"He is badly bruised, and pretty se-

verely stunned, that is all, I think," was his only comment.

"Pretty severely stunned" meant all that, and more too; and even the Doctor looked very grave before there came any signs of returning consciousness. How long the suspense was, she never knew. When one has been down to the very gates of death, again and again, and has seen them open and close, so shutting out all earthly hope, one knows then what an agony of blessedness there is in hoping; and she waited and hoped and prayed, holding one hand in hers; and so, when the first symptoms of consciousness returned, and he opened his eyes, it was to look into the quiet, brave, loving face of his sister. The glimpse satisfied him. He was at home, and safe, and like a tired child, he closed his eyes again. A thrill of thoughtfulness went through the room. The Doctor, making further examination, discovered that one leg had been broken.

It was a long, sad Sabbath, but its close brought infinite rest to Margaret Raynor. She had suffered much; but she had been spared much more, and she was very thankful. She had come out of her brother's chamber, where she knew he must be a prisoner for weeks, with the longing to get off by herself alone, where her heart might pour out its gratitude; but she knew she must not. Two tired, excited little boys, to whom she was both sister and mother, claimed her attention. They sat down in her room together, Hart in her arms, and Bertie by her side.

"Was n't it dreadful?" was all Bert could say.

"Yes, dear; but it is all over now. God has saved our brother. We will try to be very thankful."

"But what if he had been killed?"

"We won't think of that."

"Was n't it splendid in the gentleman to catch the horse?"

"What gentleman?" said Margaret. She had not felt like talking of the details.

"Why, the gentleman that came last night. Did n't you see him?"

"No; I do n't remember. We ought to have thanked him. We will in the morning."

"Why, he went up to the Springs. He made a mistake last night, just as brother John did, and he was just starting to go when it happened. Dick was going to drive, and I was going to ask you if I could n't go, too. He did n't go till a good while after, and I did n't want to go then; I'd be afraid to ride now, would n't you, Hart?"

"No; course not, with him; he'd hold the horses."

"I guess he could n't if brother John could n't," was the indignant reply.

"Well, any way, I do n't want to ride with anybody. I guess the gentleman hurt his arm pretty badly, 'cause the Doctor did something to it."

"What was the gentleman's name?" said Margaret, feeling a grateful sympathy for him in his misfortune.

"I do n't know; he did n't tell," said Bert. "I guess he knew you, for he said 'Margaret,' the minute he saw you."

"He heard brother John say that."

"No; the very first thing I heard him say it," persisted Hart.

"Course he knew sister Margie's name," said Bert. "I told him about her while we were waiting at the gate."

At any other time Miss Raynor would have felt some curiosity in the matter; but she was too tired to question Bertie's explanation, and, indeed, she had little thought for anything save one supreme sense of thankfulness.

The first few days and nights after an event such as we have detailed, are exceedingly trying, both to the sufferer and to his friends. A broken limb ought to excite sympathy; but it is so different from the dreadful feeling of uncertainty and suspense with which we watch a fever, that the victim of such a misfortune is sometimes inclined to feel as though his calamity were not properly appreciated. Mr. Raynor had

something of that feeling. He could n't understand his sister's thankfulness "that it was no worse." He had left business on Saturday afternoon, expecting to return to it on Monday; and here he was, a prisoner, for at least six weeks. In his state of mind — and body — he could not imagine anything much worse; and he resisted most emphatically what he could not help. Perhaps it might be amusing, but it would hardly be profitable, to detail at length all the devices resorted to to while away the tediousness of his imprisonment. Suffice it to say that poor Margaret's patience was sorely tried; and even good Mrs. Angel's worthy efforts in his behalf were well nigh baffled, before that first week was over.

"You cannot understand," he would say; and then he would go over in his mind all the details of the unfinished work that he had laid down, "just for one Sunday."

They could not understand! Well, perhaps they could not. Perhaps you and I cannot; but, I'll venture to say, we can imagine the situation. Just as an experiment, try it — not by breaking your leg, to be sure — but there! Shut your eyes! Open them now! *Listen*: "You cannot go out of the room you are in for one month!" Is it a comfortable sensation? Do you feel resigned? Do n't exclaim that you are a hundred miles from home; that these walls look like a prison; that you *can't*; you *won't*. It is the inevitable; you have met it more than once; so have I. Do n't tell me that we cannot understand what it is to lay by work; that we do n't know just where John Raynor was on that sultry Friday morning, when he refused every comforter, and acted — well, just like a cross, ugly bear. Let us at least take to ourselves the credit of possessing common humanity; let us *have* enough of it to be charitable in our judgment, even to him.

Miss Helen Angel had never met Mr. Raynor before the accident, which was rather unfortunate, or would have

been, if he had been at all particular as to the impression he would like to make on that young lady. Under the circumstances, perhaps it was just as well. She learned from the rest of the family that the great need of the invalid was comfort and diversion. She had no great faith in her power as a comforter, and as to diverting a man, it was n't at all to her mind — not that she was unsympathetic, but her ideal young man — every girl, they say, has an ideal — was one who knew how "to suffer and be strong." You see, she had never had a broken bone; and she had not seen so much of life as we have; but one day — it was that very cross Friday — she took it into her head to give Mr. Raynor some work to do. "If it was work he wanted," she reasoned, "why not give him work, instead of nursing him?"

She knocked rather timidly at his door, for she was by no means a bold young lady.

"Come in." The voice was far from cheerful.

"Are you busy?" she said.

"Busy!" The word vexed and amused him in the same breath; vexed him because he wished he could be busy; amused him because it was such a pleasant change from the usual formula of "Are you comfortable?" and "How do you feel?"

She looked so cool and comfortable, in her pretty plain dress, that, spite of his crossness, he was glad to see her; but he was bolstered up in such an awkward position in the bed, how could he be very polite?

"No, Miss Angel, I am sorry to say I am not. Have you come to entertain me?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "not to entertain you; just to ask your help a few minutes."

"What is it?" He was not gracious enough to say, "Yes," until he saw; and she was holding her basket out of sight. If it had been to wind worsted he would have discovered the ruse, and acted accordingly.

"Shelling peas;" and she held up to view a basket of them, freshly picked.

Who would ever have thought of shelling peas as a means of grace? Surely, not John Raynor. Spite of the fact that she did not look tired or heated, he felt sure she would be. He could n't refuse to *help*.

"If you will show me how," he said; and he fell to the work with right good will.

"How can you do it so easily?" he asked, as he watched her nimble fingers, and discovered that he was making very awkward business of it.

"Oh, I'm used to it. Shelling peas is quite an art, you see;" and she made him look, while she broke the pod, and, holding it right side up, pressed the thumb on the exact spot, while the peas rolled out into the pan.

"Do n't you see how easy it is, if you know how?" and John glanced ruefully at his own half dozen pods, that had been pinched, torn and broken, in the clumsy efforts he had made to do what she effected so easily.

"Yes," he said, "if one knows how;" and then they both laughed at his efforts to learn, and what with laughing and learning and talking, they had quite a merry time.

"I've been wondering," said Helen, when they had almost finished the basket, "what led you to change your mind that day."

"What day?" said he.

"Why, that day before you came here. Your sister did not expect you."

She was vexed the minute the words were out of her mouth. She had not meant to refer to the accident. Now, there would be a speedy relapse, and all the last half hour's work would be undone. That was what she thought, and she was therefore quite unprepared for his reply,

"I do n't know — unless it was to learn how to shell peas."

"Well, you have proved yourself an apt scholar. See, our basket is empty;"

and she got up to gather up the pods and go out.

"Miss Angel, how often do we have peas?"

"Nearly every day, sir."

"May I help shell them to-morrow?"

"Yes, if you have nothing else more important to do, and—if—" she hesitated; "but what is the good of the text or the sermon without the application?—if you are amiable."

Is it necessary for me to say that he was amiable the rest of that day, and the next, and the next?

Miss Angel had simply been trying an experiment. She had no idea that she had been demonstrating a principle—a law of mind—to her it had been just an experiment, but it accomplished its end.

The next Sunday Margaret rode to church with Mrs. Angel, instead of walking, as she had been in the habit of doing. She had not intended going at all, and was sitting in John's room when the second bell began to ring. The first had rung an hour before, and this was the prelude to the tolling.

"One lonesome bell!" he said; "how strange it sounds!" and then, looking up suddenly, "Are you going to wear that dress?"

"Where?" she said.

"To church; are n't you going?"

"Why, no; I'm going to stay with you."

"But what if I do n't want you?"

"But you do, I'm sure."

But he insisted that he did not. "Bertie is going to stay with me," he said; "and beside, I can't think of taking upon myself the responsibility of keeping you home from church two Sundays in succession. I do n't believe you ever did such a thing in your life, did you? Come, hurry, or you will be late, and *that* will be laid to my charge;" and he pulled her down to kiss her good-bye, before he sent her out of the room.

She was ready just in time to avail herself of Mrs. Angel's invitation to

ride. It was quite a carriage full—Mrs. Angel, Miss Raynor, Helen, Dick, and Hart. Margaret was unusually quiet, in harmony with the day and the surroundings. Her Sabbath had begun in the early part of the morning, and to her the whole ride to church was a part of the service. At the door Helen left them to take her place in the singers' seat; and Dick stayed outside to fasten the horse. The very air of the quiet, plain little church was restful to Margaret, as she followed Mrs. Angel up the aisle—if one may be said to go up an aisle, when it is measured by only eight *slips*, counting the first one—and she bowed her head with no mere form of words upon her lips. A moment after some one opened the pew door, and she moved a little, without raising her head, to make room for Dick. When she looked up she saw that he was in the seat just in front of her, and a stranger's head was bowed as hers had been a minute before. Mrs. Angel saw her start a little; and then she discovered that it was the gentleman who had accidentally been her lodger for a night the week before. She acknowledged his glance of recognition by a pleasant nod; and Hart's face became suddenly beaming, as he whispered, loud enough to be heard by all in the seat at least, "It is the gentleman that—" but Margaret hushed the excited boy with a word, and glancing for just an instant at the stranger beside her, was glad that he was looking the other way. Mrs. Angel saw the surprised, glad, pained look in her face, but to her it simply meant a recognition of one with whom she had associated in her mind a terrible fright, and to whom she felt indebted, in a great measure, for her brother's life.

And what did that look mean? What had that glance revealed to Margaret Raynor? Who can tell? How may we know, since "only her heart to her heart could show" what a flood of memories rushed into it at the sight of that face? It had been eight years since she had seen Hugh Mandeville,

and perhaps it was well that she should meet him now, just as she did, in church, with at least an hour between the meeting and the necessity of speaking. Time and place are great helps in some circumstances; and yet after all, men and women are equal to emergencies, not because of the favorableness of the time and place of meeting them, but by virtue of what they themselves are.

It was only for a minute that her face showed her surprise; then she was, to the outward seeming, herself again.

The opening hymn was read; and Miss Angel gave the only book in the seat to Margaret, who, finding the place, moved toward her as they rose; but she pointed to her empty pocket, indicating that she had left her eyes at home, and so Margaret extended it to Mr. Mandeville, and after the first verse they both sang.

Did the minister know for whom he prayed, when in the midst of his strong, earnest pleadings he asked God to bless the "strangers in our midst to-day?" It is a common form of prayer; and there were many strangers in the little congregation; and yet two, at least, heard it as they never had before. It was the echo of their need, and they could not help but hear, as he went on: "If any have come in here, in doubt or trembling; if any have found in this house ought to distrust or to distract them; anything to make them forget that this is the presence-chamber of the Most High; if there be human passions, human longings, human pride, or human love, that have at this hour the first place in any heart, do Thou come into that heart, and satisfy it with Thine own perfect love."

Did *he* know? Why should *he* know? Ministers are but men; and yet he had opened his mouth with the petition, "Teach us to pray." And does not God know?

There were no outspoken "amens." But the minister did not pray alone; nor was his prayer unanswered; for human passion and human longing had

given way, in some hearts, to the love that is infinite and divine.

Miss Angel had been quick to interpret Miss Raynor's evident embarrassment at seeing Mr. Mandeville, as quite natural under the circumstances; but she was not a little surprised, when, at the close of the service, she gave him her hand, with the easy grace of an old acquaintance, and entered into familiar but by no means eager conversation.

"He is doing nicely," she heard her say.

"May I come and see him this week?"

"Certainly; he will be very glad to see you."

"And you?"

"I am sure it will give us both great pleasure."

By this time they were out of the church; and it was Mrs. Angel who spoke next, as she shook hands with "the gentleman who made the mistake."

"Will you not come and dine with Mr. Raynor *to-day*?" she said. "He finds us a very quiet family, and will be glad to thank you for last Sunday's kindness." She was going to say, "Will be glad to meet an old friend;" but the other words came to her just in time. How did she know that he was a friend? She was not quick to solve mysteries—out loud. She preferred to have them solve themselves. The invitation evidently surprised Mr. Mandeville; and, perhaps it was a little surprising, when we bear in mind that Mrs. Angel was a boarding-house keeper, Miss Raynor one of her boarders; Mr. Mandeville, a gentleman whom chance had made a lodger at her house for a night, and Mr. Raynor, the unfortunate victim of circumstances, thrown upon her care for a time, and here she was inviting the chance lodger to dine with the "victim," who had already made her any amount of care and trouble. But if it was not business-like it was courteous and kind, and showed a woman's tact and thoughtfulness.

"I only came last night," he said, "else I should have called to inquire after Mr. Raynor before now, and shall be very glad to avail myself of your kindness to-day." He turned to ask Margaret to drive with him; but Hart stood between them, and he changed his mind, feeling, with a sudden bitterness that lasted only an instant, that he, at least, would be very glad to accept the invitation, as of course he was.

"Bertie says," he exclaimed after they were started, "that he'd be afraid to ride with anybody, 'cause the horse came so near killing brother John; but I told him then that I wouldn't be afraid to ride with you; and I am not one bit;" and he straightened himself up, looking as brave and daring as a six-year old boy could. "Was n't it dreadful, though?" he added, with a little tremble which showed that even his confidence in Mr. Mandeville's skill could not make him forget his fright of a week before.

"It was a bad horse; but your brother will very soon be well, I hope. Have you been here long?"

"Yes; all summer. Sister likes it so much, and we do, too. Dick is splendid, and we have lots of good times. I wish you'd come over some day when it is n't Sunday."

"Perhaps I will, if your sister will let me."

"Sister Margaret! Why 'course she'll let you; she said we must all thank you, when we saw you, 'cause may be if it had n't been for you, brother John would have been killed."

"Did she say that?"

"Yes; and was n't it funny that we did n't know your name at all? Mrs. Angel, nor any one; and we were all so sorry, 'cause we all liked you; all but sister Margaret. You see," he went on—feeling as if some apology were due for his sister's poor taste—"you see she never saw you at all; but she will like you when she gets 'quainted.'" And so he rattled on, encouraged by the attentiveness of his listener. It was not an unwise thing, after all, that he had ask-

ed Hart to ride, for he was a better talker than Margaret would have been.

Mrs. Angel was waiting for them on the piazza as they drove up, but Margaret had gone up stairs.

"I will see," she said, "if John is in order for company;" and a few minutes after she came down to escort the visitor to his room. She introduced the two men, and they shook hands; but it was evident they had never met before.

"I have often heard my father mention you as a seashore acquaintance and friend," said Mr. Raynor; "and his wife, too, frequently wondered why the pleasant friendship must needs have died out after one summer. I had anticipated this pleasure some time, but hardly under these circumstances;" and he glanced ruefully at his bandaged leg; and then he added, "I have to thank you that it was no worse."

But Mr. Mandeville disclaimed any thanks. "I did not know for whom I was doing just an act of humanity until I saw your sister."

"And she cannot thank you enough," said Margaret, earnestly, from her seat by the window. "And I thank you, too," said Bert, who, sitting at the foot of the bed, had been quite overlooked. "Me, too," said Hart, who rushed in just then. "I've been helping Dick to put your horse in the barn. I hope you'll stay till night."

"You have not forgotten Miss Johnson, the young lady at the seashore, have you?" said Margaret, addressing Mr. Mandeville. "She was Hart and Bertie's mother. My father married her a few months after we left there."

"And she is—?"

"She died five years ago, when they were only a year old. They are sister Margaret's boys now," she added, as Bert crept down from the bed to take his place by her side.

"I heard of your father's marriage; but I have been away from home for several years. Do I look like a Californian? I have been that for some time."

"I think I should have recognized

you anywhere," was Margaret's answer; and then they talked on general subjects, until John's dinner was brought and the rest were summoned down stairs.

"I'm sorry I can't go with you," said John; "though I'm sure your table cannot be any more tempting than mine;" and he looked at the beautiful supplies that Helen was arranging on the improvised table on which his meals were served.

"Oh, Miss Angel, pardon me; this is Mr. Mandeville, my preserver, and an old acquaintance of my sister." Miss Helen had not been introduced before, but she said in her frank girlish way: "Oh, Mr. Mandeville and I had quite an informal introduction last Sunday morning. You were the means of making us very well acquainted;" and then she asked Mr. Raynor if there was anything else he wanted.

"No; unless it may be more peas."

Margaret laughed. "John has been helping Miss Angel shell peas, and he has the impression that that gives him the right to a double portion."

"And so it does," said Helen. "A man has a right to all that he is willing to work for and to earn."

"Is that *all*, Miss Angel? What we *earn* is so little," said Mr. Mandeville, as they went down stairs.

She laughed a little low laugh.

"So you are not quite content with working and earning? Would you rather it should be waiting and winning, then? You know 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

"If in waiting one might be sure he was serving worthily," he said; and then, after a minute, added: "Yes, I think I like the winning better than earning; and, as to the working and waiting, somebody has said, 'Any sinner can do the former; but, as for the latter, it takes a saint.'"

"Then I shall never be canonized, for I never could learn to wait. I like working better.

'Get work, get work —
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.'"

said the practical little philosopher; and they went in to dinner.

"You will come and see me often, will you not?" said Mr. Raynor, when, just at sundown, Mr. Mandeville bade him good-bye.

"As often as I may?" and the reply was in the form of a question to Margaret, whose answer was a cordial invitation to come as often as he felt inclined to leave the gay society of the hotel for the quiet of a sick-room. And he drove slowly back, thinking over the day's experience, and his own disappointment, in view of what it had been to him—for he had to say that it had been a disappointment, and yet he could hardly have told how. He was not conscious of any hope in his heart, when he drove to church that morning, that Margaret Raynor—should he chance to meet her—would ever say, either by word or look or sign, what she had said to him eight years before. But for a week he had scarcely thought of anything else; and the thought had grown to be, if not a hope, a part of his life. And what had the meeting been? Just one flush of genuine surprise on her part, and then she had become her natural easy self, just as she used to be before that summer evening, when he had told her of his love, and she had answered him, that she could not give him what that love demanded—her life—because it belonged to another. "I have promised," she said—but he could not hear the rest. If she had only left that unsaid; if she had given any other reason, he would have pleaded with her, as men do plead when it is for life, for what is more than life. But he was too honorable to urge then; he could not ask for what was not hers to give; and so they had parted. Those last words had been ringing in his ears ever since; and now he had met her again, and the talk had been common-place and natural, as if that night had never been.

Why will men and women never learn that others beside themselves do

not talk of all that is in their hearts? The conversation had been commonplace; but who had introduced the subjects?

There was no danger of Mr. Mandeville being forgotten in Mrs. Angel's house, for he had at least half a dozen warm friends there before that day was over; and if Mr. Raynor was not as enthusiastic as his little brothers, he came to look for his daily visits quite as anxiously and impatiently; and not a day passed that did not find him in the invalid's room. Sometimes it was to bring a book; sometimes to talk over the events of the day; sometimes to sit with him by the hour over the chess-board—always to prove himself sympathetic and companionable, without seeming to count it kindness on his part.

It was Saturday afternoon, and they were sitting on the piazza, enjoying the fresh breeze that had come up after the shower, Margaret with the rest—for John had grown wonderfully unselfish and tender of her, and would not let her stay in his room, as she had at first. Bertie was wondering if Mr. Mandeville had n't "been run away with, or something;" and Hart speculated after his fashion as to the chances of being invited to ride, when that gentleman drove up, and they bounced down to the gate to meet him.

"We have just been talking about you, and had almost given up your coming," said Helen.

"I am glad to have been anticipated. I was delayed, but could not give up this call, as it must be the last for the present."

There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Mr. Mandeville," said Bert, "you said you were going to stay a good long time."

"And you promised to take me to the Springs again," said Hart.

"And I thought you had promised to 'stand by' Mr. Raynor as long as he had to be imprisoned," said Helen. "Is *this* your Damon-like friendship?"

"We have appreciated your sympathy, John and I, very much," said Margaret.

"I'm afraid my coming has been from a very selfish motive. No one regrets so much as I that I must go. I had intended to spend some time in this locality, but am unexpectedly called away, though only for a few days. But come, my boys, you shall have one more ride;" and he turned so suddenly and went down to the carriage, that if he had not called back from the gate, "We will not be gone long," they might have imagined that the "unexpected call" was a subject upon which he did not wish to speak further.

When they came back, the company had adjourned to John's room.

He had only come to say "good-bye;" and after a few minutes he rose to go.

"Perhaps I shall see you again in a week," he said to John. "Meantime, keep up good courage. I am glad to see that Miss Angel keeps you at work," pointing to her work-basket, which, man-fashion, he was putting to rights; and then, turning to her, "Are you never idle?"

"Ah, yes, often," she laughed.

"But Miss Angel works for work's sake," said John; "I work for reward."

"What reward, pray, in this case?" said Margaret.

He laughed. "'A thank you'—how much is that worth?"

"Nine-pence," said Hart promptly.

"Bravo! young man," said John.

"Miss Angel, I consider myself nine-pence richer than when I began," handing her the basket.

"Do n't you see it proves itself, Mr. Mandeville?"

"What?"

"My theory, that working and earning is better than waiting," said Helen.

"But you do n't say the rest—'and winning.'"

"Does it always follow?"

He did n't answer, but shook hands for good-bye, with a face so stern and unnatural that she repented what she

had said, without knowing why, exactly. He went across the room to the window, where Margaret stood.

"Miss Raynor, will you drive with me to-night?" that was what his lips said. There was another voice—his heart—that said, "Margaret, I have been *waiting* eight years;" and she heard that.

"With pleasure, if John will spare me." That was what John and Helen heard her answer; but Hugh Mandeville heard three little words that her lips did not utter, "You have won."

"Are you afraid to ride?" said Bertie, at the gate.

"No, Bertie; why?"

"You look so white. But you need n't be 'fraid with Mr. Mandeville. I ain't now; but I was at first."

"Sister Margaret!"

"What, Hart?"

"Mr. Mandeville lets me drive for him, when I ride; do you want me to now?"

"No, my boy; you have had your drive," said Mr. Mandeville; "and this is mine—and Margaret's"—he added in a lower tone, as they drove away.

Margaret spoke first, as it was fitting she should, since now she knew that he had waited eight years for what had been his all that time; and he—"who, baffled in his love, had dared to live his life, accepting the ends God loves, for his own"—Hugh Mandeville—was satisfied.

They took up the words where they left off that other night, as if there had been no bitter years between.

And what were they? Ah, foolish hearts, shall you and I question? Do we not *know*? If we do, we should read them here, and smile to see how strange and unfamiliar pen and ink have made them, since it is

"A story, that I hold

No pen and type have ever told;"

and if we do *not*, how can we *guess* at lovers' sweet language?

Helen sat at Mr. Raynor's window, when they returned; but she left the room when she saw that Mr. Mande-

ville was coming in to say another good-bye, for the glimpse in the twilight told her that it was not the same stern man that had gone out without even a good-bye to her. She knew his waiting had been rewarded.

But John did not know. He saw his sister's sunny face and said:

"Why, Margie, how bright you are looking! Your ride has done you good."

"Do n't you think it has done me good, too, brother John?" said Mr. Mandeville. "See what it has given me!" and he took Margaret's hand in his.

No wonder that John Raynor was puzzled for an instant. It was such a new, sudden revelation. He reached out to Margaret as if something were slipping from his grasp, and she comprehending it, went up close to the bed.

"Can't you give up your old sister?" she said.

"Ah, Margaret, I had n't dreamed of this!" and then, as if he had never quite appreciated her before, "Mr. Mandeville, are you worthy of her?"

"No, sir, I am not. But for eight years I have loved her; and by all the bitterness of the waiting, by all the blessedness of this night, I promise not to prove unworthy of her." He was older than the man to whom he spoke; but there had come a new light into the brother's eyes, a new dignity, as he suddenly felt himself standing almost in a father's place to the womanly sister, who was in character, as well as in years, his senior.

"I cannot understand it all," he said. "Eight years? How is it, sister Margie?" But Mr. Mandeville answered; he wanted to tell the story in his own words:

"It was all because I was stupid and blind, and Margaret was an angel," he said.

"John, dear, you know what we promised our mother—that we would never leave father alone."

"And did all this happen before he was married?"

"Yes; and after that," said John. He could not understand.

"Oh, John, she did not tell me it was to her father her *life* belonged; and I never dreamed of such filial love. I went away jealous and sorrowful, and she—"

"She was a noble daughter, a true sister to my father's young wife; and she has been to me—more—everything; and to Bert and Hart the only mother they have ever known. She is worthy the best man I know; and *God bless you.*"

It was almost as if it had been that other John Raynor who had died, without knowing of his daughter's loving sacrifice, so reverently did the young man say the words; and then he took his hand, and they parted as brothers.

"Oh, Margaret," said John, when she came for her good-night kiss, "how true you have been to father, mother, and to me, and I—"

"You have been true to yourself, to me and to our boys—our brothers; and they, our father and mother, died in full faith that it would be so, John."

He did not answer; but he drew her down close to him, smoothed back the hair from her forehead, and kissed it as if he was kissing the cross. And who shall say that those eight years had been in vain?

Mr. Mandeville went away, Monday morning, as he said he must; but he drove out after church, and this time Margaret with him, much to Hart's distress, he having anticipated that pleasure himself. He was reconciled, however, by certain promises for the future, which, fulfilled, would make him the happiest boy in the land.

The first day that John Raynor spent down stairs was celebrated in the Angel family as a gala-day. Mr. Mandeville, with his mother and sisters, drove over just at night to help enjoy it. It had been more than four weeks; and the Doctor said he might go home in a week or two more, which news did not seem to be as cheering as it ought under the circumstances.

"I never could have believed that a broken leg would be so good a thing," he said to Margaret.

"Why good to you, John? You have had a sober time of it."

"And yet it has been the best summer in my life. Just to think of it all growing out of making a stupid mistake!"

"Out of two mistakes," said Margaret.

"Did *you* say two mistakes, Miss Raynor?" said Helen, who came in in time to hear the last. "You certainly do n't look as if you had suffered from them." She did not answer—in words—but her face reflected what her heart spoke, peace and content.

Two weeks more, and there was no possible excuse for Mr. Raynor to stay longer. To be sure, he walked on crutches, but he managed them well; and there were urgent reasons why he should get home as soon as he could go with safety. The trunks were packed—for they were *all* to go—and they sat out on the piazza, all but Helen. She was coming up the road with a basket on her arm; and John seeing her went out to meet her.

"Let me help you carry the basket," he said, which was about as foolish a request as he could have made, inasmuch as he was walking on two crutches.

But she laughed at his gallantry. "I do n't see how you could very well, unless you take it in your teeth, in which case you could n't talk, you know; and besides, I feel quite equal to carrying an empty basket alone;" and she lifted the cover, and disclosed only a plate and napkin.

"So it is an empty basket that I see you bring home every night? I had fancied that that basket held some of the good things that come on our table; now I suspect that you are a Sister of Charity."

"No sir. It is a question of working and earning. I am only paying debts;" but she would not explain.

"Do you realize that we are going home to-morrow?"

"No; I do not believe I do. It has been a pleasant summer; and we shall miss your sisters and the children so much."

"And you will not miss me?"

"Ah yes, that's understood; you more than any one, I think, for you've made the most work," she said, with a pleasant laugh.

"But you believe in work?"

"Yes."

"Helen!"—he had never called her that before—"I have to thank you for making my summer a very happy one."

"Me! Why me? You said the other night it was the stupid mistake that had made the summer pleasant."

"Do you know how cross I was at first, and how I fretted at the mistake, and made myself and every one miserable?"

"I know you had a serious accident, and suffered very much. I was sorry for you; but I did not see you those first days. After that you got better, and Mr. Mandeville came to keep you company; and then there was your sister's happiness; and we all got better acquainted; and I'm sure you've not been cross since I knew you."

"And it was chiefly owing to that first basket of peas."

"Why, Mr. Raynor, what a pity you can't have peas all the year round! I shall have the word put down in my dictionary: 'peas, a vegetable used as an antidote for crossness; also synonymous with *peace*.'"

"Helen, may I tell you a story?"

They had gone into the yard and were sitting under the trees.

"I do n't know. Is it an interesting one? If it is n't, I shall propose that we go immediately into the house; and shall insist on your taking the basket."

But he told the story. The story of his life—wasted years, a good many of them had been; but he did not spare himself. He told, in contrast to it, all of his sister's patient sacrifice. "For four years," he said, "the world has looked upon me as an ambitious, faithful business man, and a good brother. I have been that; but I tremble now to think where it was leading. I was making business my life; and my goodness was of the very selfish sort. In my desire to prove worthy of my name, and of the dead, I was proving unworthy of myself, and of the living. I did not half appreciate my noble sister; and as to other young ladies, I believed they were all idle, frivolous and vain. You have taught me better; and four weeks ago I vowed to be a man worthy of my sister. You asked me to help you once. Will you help me now, and for all time, to keep my vow?"

But she had turned her face away. When she did answer, it was in the form of a question: "Would you be willing to wait eight years?"

And then she looked into his face while he answered: "You do not believe in waiting. God spare us that test! We will be workers together."

And she did not need to answer in words, for he was satisfied.

Mary Bliss.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

"**A** CROSS the Ocean" means across the little Atlantic, to the fatherland. But we have latterly become used to the phrase "Across the Continent;" and, in the West, that is rapidly coming to mean "Across the Pacific"—that greater sea, which has temporarily arrested our course of empire. We begin to feel all the curiosity of interest, and all the solicitude of design, when we hear mention of the Australasian branch of the Anglo-Saxon family in remote New Zealand, or Australia, working out the great destiny of our race.

Just one month's cruise over the broad Pacific, in Webb's line of steamers, and you are on the Australian coast, the land of Gold, about which more fables are current than concerning all the older continents. First-class steamers would make the trip in three weeks, including the usual call and brief stay at Honolulu, which enables you to become acquainted with the Kanakas. Sailing vessels are not a success on the Pacific: the winds are so light that you make no progress. You discover too often what Coleridge meant by "A painted ship upon a painted ocean." Until you sight New Zealand the weather is almost invariably delightful; and even after that the winds and waves are still pacific by comparison with the heavy seas which are realized in the Bay of Biscay, as in crossing the Atlantic. The veriest cockney fails to realize sea-sickness in crossing the Pacific. From the Golden Gate, as the headlands are called which you pass through on leaving San Francisco, seawards, until you have passed the Navigator's Group, it is impossible to get rid of the idea that you are merely away for a holiday. The awnings slowly rising and falling over your head, as you lie basking in the subdued glare of the sun,

with a favorite book, which you are almost too idle to read in the intervals between the soundings of the gong which call you to refreshment, all favor the holiday idea; and the sailors move about the vessel so leisurely, that you conclude they are not impatient to sight land.

At Honolulu you may expect a scare when the Health Officer comes on board, as he is tolerably certain to bring with him circumstantial narratives about the prevalence of small-pox, and to offer to vaccinate you for a fee. The game will some day get "played out;" but up to the present time, the success of the ruse satisfies even his sanguine imagination. The scenery at Honolulu—where the Kamehamehas have held their court in peace for so many years, and whence the gentle Queen Emma visited the American capital and the courts of Europe, to look upon sovereigns less contented—is beautiful beyond the picture of a poet's dream. Pen never has adequately described the gorgeous scenery of this earthly paradise, and never will. The blue haze of the atmosphere clothes the remote hills as with a charm; and every change of position which your vessel makes opens up new distances, more delightful than all the rest, with which your eyes, never resting, tire not for an instant, and yet are never sated.

Landed in Honolulu, you discover a population wonderfully mixed. The Kanakas, whose canoes and outriggers were gliding round the vessel before you neared the land, are unequally yoked with shrewd Americans, who do nearly all the business of the Islands, except growing and selling fruit, and will, before long, have the government of the group of Islands in their own hands entirely.

The latest accession to the throne

was by election—certainly the next heir was chosen. But although the Kamehamehas have had it all their own way hitherto, it is not difficult to perceive that whenever annexation becomes an object of desire to the States, the land of bananas will peacefully pin itself to the Union, which it emulates.

Time was, and that not long ago, when tolerable hotel accommodation could not be found in Honolulu; but that condition of things has passed away. The Grand Hotel would not compare favorably with such palaces as we are used to call hotels in favored parts of this continent; but, tried by the standard of institutions of like kind in England, France, India, or Australia, the Grand Hotel is superb. The Hawaiian Government built the Grand Hotel at Honolulu, and runs it with the assistance of smart Americans, who contrive to place upon the tables, at every meal, the choicest fruits of the tropics, as well as the more substantial luxuries and necessities which *bon vivants* in colder lands can appreciate.

Bathing is a specialty at the Grand in Hawaii, and the climate renders the indulgence of immersion delightful many times in the day. Balconies and verandas around the house, large and lofty rooms, and French windows with Venetian blinds, give every facility for ventilation. People who want to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, in which the *lazzaroni* of Naples revel, will "know how it is themselves," if they visit Honolulu.

The steamers only call at Honolulu to coal—that is the intermediate station between San Francisco and New Zealand—and about forty hours is the length of your visit, unless you determine to "stop over" a month, and conclude your excursion by the next boat. If you are vigorous, you take brisk rides into the mountains, during the mornings and evenings, on horseback; but if there are ladies in the party, a more limited adventure in a covered carriage satisfies your curiosity.

The morals of Honolulu are perhaps no worse than those of Paris; but in the unconventional habits of the Kanakas, what is wrong is more easily discovered. Whaling vessels used at one time to be almost the only visitors to the Sandwich Islands, and their crews, being crafty and full of guile, their missionary influence was oftentimes injurious. The story of Paul and Virginia must not be located in those seas. After all, the Kanakas are little worse than their neighbors.

One of the Islands in the Navigator's Group became peopled in a very remarkable fashion. A chief mate of a whaler married a young woman in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, and, after a brief honeymoon, went off in search of the leviathans of the deep. When he returned from a successful cruise, his happiness was disturbed by well-authenticated tales which his friends poured into his unwilling ears. Tears and denials satisfied him for the nonce, and once more he left Delilah among the Philistines, while he combatted the perils of his calling. Returning from a second cruise to find the narration, which he had half disbelieved, confirmed beyond all possibility of a doubt, the adventurous mariner wasted no time in unavailing sorrows. He invested all his money in buying and loading a deck-boat with such articles as would have made Robinson Crusoe's heart rejoice—a few pigs and a few sheep he took as fellow-passengers—and his wife embarked with him, not clearly knowing where he was bound. Twenty-six years afterwards, a whaler called, by the merest accident, for water at what was supposed to be an uninhabited island, and there the wanderers from the Bay of Islands were found, rich in this world's goods, and by no means unwilling to resume communication with their kind. Stock had multiplied abundantly, and the few garden seeds had increased ten thousand fold.

The island became thenceforth a regular place of call for whaling ves-

sels, the crews of which wanted a change from biscuit and salt provisions. The white-bearded old man, surrounded by his family, had quite a patriarchal appearance. During the twenty-six years of contemplation, undisturbed by flighty companions, the partner of his solitude and mother of his bairns had given him no cause for anxiety. A few years ago the island was devastated by a volcanic eruption; but the old man and his belongings had sold out and cleared.

Auckland is the first port you call at in New Zealand, and the only* port, unless you postpone your visit to Australia while you make a round of the several colonies which enterprising Britishers have established among the Maories, or New Zealanders. These Maories are fine, free, erect, manly savages, who seem to do their share of fighting with a relish. They have cannibal appetites; but their taste in that respect partakes almost of the character of a religious tenet. Australian natives have no trace of belief in the soul's immortality, and no history or semblance of such knowledge; but these Maories, very far superior to their neighbors in Australia, have traditions looking far back into history; and they believe their souls immortal. Death they consider the portal of heaven, unless an enemy should eat them; and thus it happens that they sometimes wreak their vengeance upon enemies slain in battle, by eating and destroying them forever. There is a tradition current among all the New Zealand tribes that they first landed on the coast at a place called Spirit Bay; and when death overtakes them, unless some enemy eats them immediately, they have faith that a spirit-boat will convey them from that bay to the abodes of the blessed.

Years ago cannibalism was much more common among New Zealanders than it is now supposed to be. The Maories used to describe the favorite dish of their unregenerate days by calling such white men as they succeeded

in dishing up "long pig." Their skill in nomenclature shows a good acquaintance with physiology and anatomy, if we may credit what the learned tell us about internal similarities between ourselves and the *habitués* of the sty.

Auckland was at one time supposed to be in great danger from the Maories, who are formidable fighting men, especially when they have opportunities to fortify themselves within what they call their "pahs," or fortresses. The vacillating policy of the British Government is chiefly chargeable for the long continuance of trouble with the natives. Downing street will neither fight nor let it alone. One Governor is sent out to threaten devastations, which are never realized; and another succeeds him to smooth down all disquietudes, by promises which cannot be fulfilled.

The Maories are adepts in agriculture, and in many of the ruder trades. Beads and trinkets, which answer admirably as articles of traffic in Fiji and the South Sea Islands generally, have little charm for New Zealanders, who bring their produce to market with very competent ideas as to exchangeable value. Some of the early visitors to New Zealand landed pigs on the coast; and these, running wild ever since, have become very numerous, in some of the Islands being freely hunted for food; and they are sometimes very dangerous fellows in a close fight, if your rifle misses fire, or your aim has not been good.

Marital obligations are better observed among the Maories than among the Kanakas; but there is room for improvement. The usual pretext for conflicts between colonists and natives, in these British settlements, arises from disputed titles to land; chiefs and others assuming to act on behalf of certain tribes, make sale of parts of the common territory, and the consideration is duly paid; but after a time other leaders come to the front, asserting that no man could sell what belonged to everybody; and outrages are committed

without stint by angry savages, well armed, upon settlers unprepared for hostilities, on lands they or their predecessors honestly obtained by purchase. There are minor features of entanglement, but the main causes of disturbance are such land-claims. Several years since, England removed nearly all her troops from New Zealand, and the colonists were left almost to their own resources, with such aid as could be obtained from Australia. Discoveries of gold in considerable quantities had their usual effect in attracting an adventurous population; and the gold-fields, more especially at Thames, are yet paying well. While any causes continue to draw a large influx of daring men, the localities so favored will be comparatively untroubled; and thus it happens at the present time that the Maories are more than usually peaceable.

Auckland is very beautifully situated in the midst and on the sides of hills. Its streets have a dirty appearance, being paved with scoriae, which are easily obtainable, the whole of the islands being volcanic in their origin. There is a very considerable business being done in the town, many ships being regularly fitted out there for the trade for Fiji; and, in the event of good arrangements being made for passenger and mail communication with Europe, from Australia across the Pacific, and over the iron roads of this continent, the greatness of Auckland will not be remote. Mail and passenger traffic, adequately cultivated by the trans-continental route, would pay handsomely, without a bonus from the Government; and the Peninsular and Oriental boats, which now engross a remarkably profitable trade on their own terms, would be beaten out of Australian waters within a very little time. It is difficult to understand why so promising an enterprise as the establishment of a first-class line of boats across the Pacific is so long deferred, considering the encouragement which has been given to such a poor apology

for accommodation as the Mohongo, Nebraska, and Idaho, with transshipments at Honolulu and Auckland, have afforded.

Four days from Auckland, we have steamed through the heads at Port Jackson, and dropped anchor in Sydney Harbor. The beautiful bay of bays, locked within each other, from the Capital City of Sydney to Paramatta, and in almost every other direction, revealing beauties which remind travellers of the Bay of Naples, would long since have attracted a great mass of people, but for the fact that England put upon the country the curse of convictism, more than eighty years ago; and although the practice of sending criminals to New South Wales has ceased, the stain is not even beginning to be effaced. Botany Bay was the name by which New South Wales first became known to the world; and the appellation, beautiful and well-merited in itself, speedily stood as the synonym for all that was horrible and depraved, because the most abandoned malefactors were sent there from England, to be tortured by authorities oftentimes more brutal than the men who suffered for lives of lawlessness.

Sydney is the Capital of New South Wales, into which Botany Bay has developed. Gold discoveries in California made a point of attraction about the year 1849, toward which all the desperadoes who could escape from Botany Bay, or Norfolk Island, hastened. Such poor souls were before that time known as "Sydney Ducks" among the herd of the dangerous class called "Beach Combers," on the Pacific coast of this continent; but their numbers now speedily became legion, and their vices more obtrusive than ever. The lessons they had learned from society, rendered necessary in San Francisco, and in all the diggings and frontier towns, the formation of Vigilance Committees, to strike terror into those outcasts by the execution of summary vengeance. Poor Artemus Ward made one of his best jokes *apropos* to

this condition of society and the labors of the Vigilanters, years afterwards, when he was lecturing in Brigham Young's Theatre, in Salt Lake City. A Vigilance Committee at Montana had hanged many abandoned ruffians just then, and perhaps meted out such justice as they hastily thought fit to many who deserved something better than "a short shrift and a long rope." While such operations were rife, the humorist, lecturing on "The Babes in the Wood," observed: "It was my intention to have continued my journey West, and to have visited Montana; but I won't do so—no, I'll be hanged if I do!" Even the Mormons, dull souls that they are, could see the force of that bit of fun; and it was the only attempt at a joke which they comprehended during the visit. They feared all the time that Artemus was laughing at them; and they at one time contemplated a delegation to demand respectful mention.

These "Sydney Ducks," as they were called, escaped from New South Wales as "stowaways" on board ships bound for San Francisco; and some days after ships were at sea, beyond probability of return, they would emerge, nearly dead with hunger, from their places of concealment, and obtain leave to work their passage. The deeds of such men have fastened a reputation upon all the Australian colonies which cannot be very easily cast aside. In 1851, the year of the first Great Exhibition, gold was discovered in Bathurst, New South Wales. A man who had lived many years in and about Sydney, was smitten with the gold fever, and embarked for California. Everything reminded him, after his arrival in the gold-bearing country, of the contour and general bearings of lands in New South Wales, and he returned, full of the idea that they also were auriferous. He searched, and found gold. The story was soon noised from colony to colony, and a rush from all points toward Bathurst was the result. South Australia, Victoria,

Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, were all but depopulated.

Later in the same year, discoveries were made at Buninyong, in the Colony of Port Philip, afterwards called and now known as Victoria—then the youngest, and now the greatest, of the British colonies in Australia. Two days' steam from Sydney, and we are there. Port Philip heads, hardly more than a mile across at the entrance, enclose a bay about sixty miles from shore to shore, at its greatest expanse; and although not beautiful as a whole, there are many parts of the wood-clad shore full of surpassing witchery.

Melbourne was originally planned on the River Yarra-Yarra, about two miles landwards from the Bay; but the city has burst its bounds, and grown in all directions, until it now touches the shores of Hobson's Bay, in many places, as well as stretches far inland, and its population numbers 180,000. Melbourne is the Queen City of all the Australian cities. Its Town Hall cost half a million dollars gold, and there are many public buildings, such as the Post Office, Public Library and Museum, University, and Parliament House, which have cost more, and promise better. The intellectual status of a people may generally be gathered from a perusal of the newspapers which are successful among them. The Melbourne "Argus" will bear favorable comparison with any provincial paper published; and it is only one of many which have succeeded, although that has succeeded best. Its staff of writers is well paid. The editor-in-chief is the recipient of \$7,500 gold per annum, and his associates are proportionally well provided; and the annual clear profits of the paper are known to range above \$125,000 per year.

Victoria never had to endure the curse of convictism; and for many years the colony has practically governed itself, only permitting the English Government to interfere to the extent of nominating an Imperial Governor, who has no more weight or in-

fluence in the details of administration than the man in the moon. When America vindicated herself from the tyrannous ministry of George III., she did wonders for all later attempts at colonization.

Whenever the Australian colonies indicate a desire to cut the connection with England, there will be no obstacle put in the way by the mother country. Intimations to that effect have been many and various; but an aggregate population of about 2,000,000, divided among seven colonies, of which the largest has only 750,000 souls, scarcely feels called upon to assert an independence which is now left almost utterly untrammelled. The tastes of the people generally incline to republicanism. Queen Victoria is personally popular; and at one time it was believed her second son, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, now betrothed for marriage to a Russian Princess, would be acceptable as Viceroy or King of Australia; but the young man made two visits to the Colonies, and was so far from proving a success, that the idea now is never mentioned. If ever any part of this world was afflicted with "Prince on the brain," the Australian Colonies were so troubled at the time of Prince Alfred's first visit. As soon as it was known about what time the *Galatia*, the vessel which carried and was commanded by the Prince, would arrive at Port Philip Heads, about forty miles from Melbourne, every steamer in or near the Bay was chartered to convey loyal sight-loving people to the spot mentioned, from whence all arrangements had been made to escort the Queen's son to his anchorage, with great pomp and ceremony. The kindly intention was thwarted in execution, for the *Galatia* put on all her steam, and left her friendly escort absurdly in the rear.

The state landing, on the following day, was simply extravagant in its demonstrations of regard for a young man whose only known merit was that he was the son of his mother.

Some idea of the costliness of the display indulged in, may be gathered from the fact that the Government of the Colony of Victoria alone spent \$600,000 in festivities on that visit, without reckoning that the mayors and councils of all the boroughs outvied each other in similar expenses, nearly as great in the aggregate, out of the corporate funds at their disposal; and that mining companies and private individuals spent immense sums in preparing fêtes for the sailor-Prince. Unhappily for the repute of the youthful Captain, his companions were a set of wild young fellows, whose lack of judgment could not correct his manifold faults and indiscretions; and thus it happened, that from the day of his nearing the coast until his last departure—excepting one brief interval—his popularity was steadily going down. His habits of life appeared to have been, to a great extent, though not entirely, founded upon the model which William Mackworth Praed denounced in his uncle, George IV., in the well-known lines:

"A noble, nasty course he ran,
Superbly filthy and fastidious;
He was a world's first gentleman,
And made the appellation hideous."

His father, Prince Albert, was not a great man—it is apparently difficult for one "born to the purple" to achieve greatness—but he had the ability to render his position and talents of marked value, by associating with his name and conduct some of the best and ablest men of the realm, in a series of important social movements. He was wise enough to discover, almost as soon as the public awoke to the fact, in his early days as Prince Consort, that he had been meddling in things which did not concern him, when he touched political life; and in social science, from that time forward, he found the safety-valve for his zeal. The son's abilities were not great, by any means, when he visited Australia; nor did they appear likely to improve, in any large degree. Etiquette enabled

him, as a Prince, always to determine what topic should be started in conversation; and, of course, he did not broach questions in which he had all to learn. Public speaking fell to his lot continually, as "little Pedlington" never tired of calling upon the Prince to lay foundation stones, and do other such works, which made greater demands upon the tongue than upon the biceps. On all such occasions he broke down, unless he was content to read a few remarks; and sometimes, even, within such narrow and moderate limits, he floundered, like a Prince. In compliment to "that kind of alacrity in sinking," it became the custom, when Prince Alfred was invited to a banquet, to put up the duller speakers, and limit their observations to a very few minutes.

When he visited Ballarat, the greatest alluvial gold field in the world, during this Australian experience, three minutes was the greatest stretch within which any one of the chosen orators might air his dullness; and still the Prince said least, without causing any one to think of the maxim that "brevity is the soul of wit." One of the public duties which devolved upon him at Ballarat, was to lay the foundation stone of a temperance hall; and a mass of information was to have been given to the vast assemblage by an orator imported for the occasion, by way of commentary on a brief speech expected from the Prince. Alas for the transitory nature of all human glory! the orator, bursting with eloquence, painfully condensed, suffered in silence; the Duke of Edinburgh forgot his part of the programme altogether, except as to flourishing the trowel, and the whole business, from which much had been expected, came thus to a "most lame and impotent conclusion."

After the young man had left Victoria, and gone to New South Wales, an attempt was made upon his life. In the midst of just such festivities as the city of Victoria had indulged in,

a stranger came almost close to the poor fellow, and shot him in the back. The merest accident saved his life. The bullet was deflected from its course by striking a bone; and after much suffering, Prince Alfred, made more popular by his misfortune, was welcomed everywhere, as heroes that save nations seldom are. Just as the illness from which the Prince of Wales recently recovered, effaced from the popular mind in England, for a time, all memory of the Mordaunt imbroglio, so every escapade of the former time was now forgotten for Prince Alfred; but, unhappily, his second visit put all his sympathizers to the task of explaining away—a feeling which was amiable and honorable in itself.

After the young Duke's return to England, every one of the trivial presents he had given to favorites—not always among the class received in society—came to be charged in an account presented to John Bull for payment; and although the facts were not all known in the House of Commons when the matter was under debate, enough was known to render the discussion acrimonious and painful. If there had been a *per contra* exhibited by the thrifty adventurer, showing that, in addition to living at free quarters during all the time his visits lasted among the Colonies, the money value of presents made to him exceeded \$50,000, it is very probable that much more unpleasant things might have been said, by men of the Dilke stamp. Beyond question, the knowledge of such facts had some effect during the late debate, when Mr. Gladstone said the opposition to an allowance of \$125,000 per annum for the Prince, on his marriage into the Russian royal family, was "indecent." King-worship is nothing like so obtrusive as it once was, although there is still too much "Kow Tow" for humanity's sake, in European society, and in all that thereunto appertains. There was a time when royalty could hardly move from

Windsor slope without an immediate rush to present addresses full of loyalty and devotion, from every body-corporate in the kingdom.

When George III. used to enjoy his annual sea bathing at Weymouth, the Mayor and Council of that loyal city not only presented addresses on every available occasion, but when the King took his morning "header" into the briny, they sent a band in an extra bathing-machine, into the water, to celebrate every dive by playing "God Save the King;" and when the royal personage returned to the surface, the period during which he buffeted the waves was signalized by the supremely appropriate air, "Rule, Britannia." Beaumarchais' Barber, in the "Marrriage of Figaro," curiously inquires of himself why great personages should be all but worshipped, and concludes by replying satisfactorily, that they deserve homage because they "took the trouble to be born." For precisely that reason, it may be supposed, addresses were daily presented to Prince Alfred; and some of them were very handsomely illuminated. Usually, the addresses which were received by him in Australia were choice specimens of penmanship, beautifully finished, bound in morocco covers, and mounted with gold. Many such presentations involved an expenditure of more than \$1,000. How cheaply such a luxury may come to be held, after repeated indulgences, may be gathered from this simple circumstance: One day, the Prince was informed by a member of the Royal Commission, which had been nominated by the Australian Government to manage his reception and entertainment, that it was the intention of the Parliament to present him with an address, in the preparation of which \$1,000 would be expended. "I would rather have the money," was the blunt reply; and when it had been settled that in one of the stores in Melbourne, indicated by him, a credit for that amount should be placed at the

Royal Duke's disposal, and no questions asked, the sum authorized thus irregularly was doubled, in the debt actually incurred, and the Colony footed the bill for a miserable \$2,000. The amount was a bagatelle, but the circumstances surrounding it cost all classes a large per centage of respect and loyalty. The Duke's income then exceeded \$75,000 per annum. The incident is only worth mentioning because of the illustration it affords of the thickness a Prince's skin may arrive at, in his travels round the world, under the European system of title-worship. The wooden-legged Mayor who could not bend his knee to George III. when presenting an address, gave a terrible shock to the King and his gold sticks in waiting, but did not diminish reverence for royalty half as much as this young Duke, by his deeds of omission and commission.

The Colonies are developing into pure democracies, and all men are equal in the eyes of the law. Suffrage is universal, excepting the stereotyped injustice that women are not allowed to vote in Parliamentary elections. In municipal elections women exercise the same rights as men; but that community, like others, cannot become wise all at once.

Education is well cared for, being offered freely to all who cannot provide wholesome training for themselves; and before long the law will be amended, to make education compulsory.

The climate is charming. During nine months of the year, you might arrange a picnic every day, if that kind of amusement was not so fatiguing; and during the rainy season, June, July, and August, you might safely calculate on four fine days out of every seven. Frosts are almost unknown; in winter the mercury seldom falls below 58 degrees; in summer its greatest altitude is about 108, and the atmosphere is so dry and light that heat is hardly oppressive.

Charles E. Jones.

THE GRANDFATHER OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE Western North Carolina Railroad traverses some of the finest scenery east of the Yo Semite, starting from old Salisbury, which is in easy connection with all main lines of travel in the country.

Fifty miles or less northerly from Salisbury, at a point on the Catawba River where join the counties of Catawba, Burke, and Caldwell, is Hickory Tavern. Here you may be so interested as to stay in the neighborhood for the season. But if you travel another northwesterly twenty miles, to the quiet old town of Lenoir, the seat of Caldwell county, when about half way, a bold summit, overtopping the surrounding mountains, dim in its thirty miles' distance, but distinct and unmistakable in its lofty and striking outlines, will loom up before you.

If the mountain tops be cloudless, you will see a gigantic silhouette, as of an old, old man, with wrinkled brow, drooping nose, and sunken mouth, lying calm and still, as though stretched on his bier, his dead, stony face cutting sharply against the tender blue of the sky. Hence the mountain's name. And from the moment you first trace the lines of the wonderful profile, the GRANDFATHER becomes a reality—catching the eye, and even the heart, with its majesty touched with pathos.

Not always, however, can the outline be traced; for, often in the morning or evening, at mid-day, or for days and weeks together, those aged features are veiled with clouds—sometimes light and fleecy, but oftener dark and heavy—sending forth flashes, and thunder-growls of warning that the storm-court is in session, wildly debating a descent upon the lowlands. At such times there is something awful in the stillness, the grandeur, and the closely-veiled mystery, and you watch, in reverential waiting, the lifting of the pall.

Dwelling for months with the scene ever before you—sometimes catching a glimpse of disrobed greatness, as the first rays of the rising sun light up the rocky slopes and summit, or when sinking, he leaves all those western ridges in deepest purple—you feel a growing love for the grand lineaments of that still face, changeless as death in the midst of change. You begin to long for a closer acquaintance, for an opportunity to penetrate the mysteries of that blue distance, and for a moment to stand on that far height and look down upon all the green-topped hills and wooded, billowy mountains, to the utmost horizon. Then, too, all through these mountains grow rare and beautiful plants: such lovely forms of fern, club-moss, moss and lichen, that, if you are a botanist—especially one in his first unassisted steps—you will look forward eagerly to the starting on the wild tramp over the hills and through the tangled forests, to the path which loses itself upon the rugged sides of the Grandfather.

All summer long my home had been a farm-house in Lower Creek Valley, a few miles southwest of Lenoir. From the upper windows, and from the hillside above the house, the Grandfather, or its cloudy covering, was ever in view twenty miles away, over the pine woods which skirted the farther side of the valley.

An opening of the hills a little to the left, where they sink away for nearly a quarter of the horizon, gives a beautiful prospect of the John's River hills, and beyond them the grand, level-topped wall of the Blue Ridge, with here and there overtopping summits, like watch-towers on the walls of a fortress. Most conspicuous of these is one on the extreme left, an abrupt eminence, with perpendicular sides and flat top, and known by the too common

name of Table Rock. A little to the right of it, and not quite so high, is the celebrated and singular looking Hawk's bill, so called from a fancied resemblance.

Due west, in the middle distance, is a round-topped eminence, one of the John's River hills; and the path to the Grandfather leads to the banks of that stream, at a point a little to the right.

Provided with a haversack of food and a portable press for botanical specimens, I set out on the last morning of August. An indescribable medley of weeds and plants, cultivated crops, and volunteer growth, met my eyes as I passed through the fertile bottoms of Lower Creek. Corn, well grown and heavy-eared, up which clambered, in spiral pathway, small-flowered blue and scarlet and white morning-glories; great rank cockle-burrs, with their speckled stems and pale-green leaves; the giant rag-weed (*ambrosia trifida*), attaining a height of twelve feet; and an endless variety of such composite as delight in moist and fertile soils. Long trailing vines, with pennate leaves—prone on the ground, slender and straight in their course—prove, on examination, to be no other than that stately climber, the trumpet-creeper (*tecoma radicans*). You can find it more fully developed, and in flower, in almost every old field and fence-row in Carolina and Virginia. Two rows of "mountain-rice" added another item of interest. Very similar in appearance, though of smaller grain than that grown so extensively upon the coast, it perhaps requires less moisture for its successful culture, though never growing on what would be called a dry soil. You never see a whole field, or even a large part of a field, planted with it; only a row or two by the side of a ditch, or a little patch in some wet corner, where the soil is inclined to be stiff and heavy, as well as damp. Growers claim it does not succeed on very light soil, however well supplied with moisture. But botany makes me digress.

Up a gentle ascent from the bottoms, and then away, over red-gullied old fields and cultivated farms, and through forests of mixed growth of oak and pine, for ten miles, and I stood on the banks of John's River, just above the mouth of Mulberry Creek. It is a placid stream, at this place; but it comes down clear and cold from the mountains, and is wild and roystering enough in its upper course.

For some distance my route lay right up the river. Sometimes the footpath ran along by the side of the highway, under the shadow of great spreading trees which overhung the water. Sometimes it wound along the face of a rocky hillside, while the wagon-road sought a more smooth and even way on the other bank of the stream. Many times, too, I had to cross the river; for there are bluffs which even the hardy mountaineers consider too steep and rough to afford a convenient or safe footpath.

The crossing is made on foot-logs—"benches," they are called in the lower course—where the stream is broad, and several pieces of timber, placed end to end, are supported on long legs; like exaggerations or caricatures of those slab benches which graced the log school-houses of the olden time. But, farther up, where the stream is narrow, often a single slender tree is felled across, resting, at either end, upon the high banks; while, far below, rages in its foam the dashing current on its rocky way. It requires a steady nerve to enable one to go up John's River in safety, and dry shod.

The valley of John's River is fertile, but narrow, and shut in by steep, rocky hills. In places, the hill-ranges fall apart, leaving broad acres of level farm lands; and, again approaching, leave but a narrow gorge, scarcely wide enough for a roadway beside the stream. A part of the valley, known as "The Globe," smiles with very fine farms, the owners of which are in quite easy circumstances, though much isolated from the outside world. How the

valley came by its high-sounding name, I was unable to learn; but an anecdote is related, showing that it is sometimes a little inconvenient. A contested will was on trial in the District Court, the testator having been a resident of this valley, the judge hailing from a distant part of the Judicial District. A witness for the defence, testifying to the "sound mind and memory" of the deceased, concluded with the astounding assertion: "He was always considered the most intelligent man, and the best business man, in the Globe." A second likewise asserted the superiority of the deceased over every other man "in the Globe." "Hold!" cries the Judge, somewhat excited. "Tell us what you mean by 'the ablest man on the globe?'" You certainly swear to what you do not know, and therefore your testimony cannot be received." The dignity of the court and the quiet of the audience collapsed simultaneously, when the counsel explained that "'The Globe' referred to is only a limited neighborhood, and not the whole mundane sphere, as your Honor supposed."

Leaving the course of John's River, near the Globe post-office, my route lay to the left, up the valley of a tributary that comes down from the direction of the Grandfather, whose lordly summit could be seen, at intervals, overtopping the lofty intervening hills. The nearest point seemed almost at hand—and certainly was not over five miles distant, as the crow flies; but the long, tedious windings of the bridle-path make up a distance more than double.

Night coming down, I sought shelter with a resident of the valley, a kind-hearted, but simple-minded and uncultivated "son of the soil."

In the fresh air of morning, my path lay across a small field, toward the mouth of a deep gorge, and past a great stone chimney, standing lone and stark, like a mute uninscribed monument to the memory of the household which once gathered round its blazing

hearth. Such memorials are painfully common in every part of the Sunny South since the storm of war swept terribly over it. Whether this one marks the ruins of a home desolated thus, or only by the more stealthy process of desertion and decay, no signs tell; for grass and rank weeds overgrow the spot, the fences are gone, and all is still as though never a voice had been heard or never a heart had beat in joy or sorrow there.

After passing the gorge, I came upon a newly-made clearing, with a single log dwelling; and then for miles I saw neither house nor field nor any trace of man, save only the path, and the marks of axes upon trees by the wayside. The crest of a lofty ridge was at length attained, and then for a while—and it seemed a long while—there was the monotony of gnarled and stunted trees, scattered sparsely here and there, with low bushes—sometimes in clumps, or straggling thinly, with grass and wild flowers between, but oftener crowded in close thickets—hedging in the path with a tangled wall of gray and green. Then down a long, long sloping way to where the trees stood thick and tall, a mingled growth of hemlock, pine, oak, elm, ash, and tulip poplar, with little undergrowth, save here and there a group of giant kalmias beside the little brook that wound its murmurous way among the rocks and moss. A rare woody climber (*aristolochia siphon*) overhung the path with its great, rounded, heart-shaped leaves, and wound its way high up among the branches of the tall trees.

The sound of an axe rang through the shadowy glen, and I emerged upon a clearing, where a few acres of tillable land had been opened to the sun. Two or three families were located here, in the heart of the wilderness, with no road to the outer world over which a wheeled vehicle of any kind could pass. Near one of the houses stood a wooden sorghum mill, with the refuse of last year's crop heaped up beside it. The owner and his wife, ap-

proaching the house with a basket of fine peaches, invited me to rest, and to partake of the fruit.

Quitting the grateful repose and cheerful sound of voices, I plunged again into the forest, by a dim trail, leading across a rocky level, which was one widespread mass of huge boulders. There was, evidently, some good soil beneath, for the trees were no fewer nor less stately for their apparent lack of standing-room. With a firm, determined grip their rugged roots clasped the rocks, and forced themselves into every crevice.

A half-wild sow, with bristles raised, and champing jaws, stood eyeing me from a slight eminence; and all at once, with a startling "guh! guh! guh!" a litter of pigs sprang up and away from my very feet. Funny little uncivilized looking things they were!—russet and iron-gray, and striped like a chipmunk—recalling thoughts of the famous "Striped Pig" of Massachusetts, and how North Carolina had no need for any such Yankee expedient, so long as her legislators and her people held that whiskey should be free from all legal bonds of taxation or prohibition.

The crossing of Wilson's Creek, one of the clearest, wildest, and most frolicsome of mountain streams, was made by picking my way among the boughs of a slender hemlock, fallen from the other side, till the top rested on the summit of a great rock, high above the reach of freshets. Laying hold of shrubs and roots of trees, to draw myself up the steep beyond, I reached the bridle-path, as it led up from the ford; and then followed the long ascent, the bush-grown crest and stunted trees, and green-walled, winding way—miles of loneliness, with no human trace, save only the dim trail—until, amid a thick growth of larger bushes, I came upon an old, decayed, broken-down fence, so old that the very field it had once enclosed had become a part of the forest, lacking only the gnarled and shaggy patriarchs which mark the primeval wilderness.

Below and beyond ran a broader road, bearing marks of having once been worn with wheels, in the years before the war, but evidently long deserted. It wound round a hillside, and then up to a lonely field on a height, from which I had, at a short distance, a full view of the gigantic profile of the Grandfather. I had supposed that so near a view would distort or destroy the resemblance to human features. The smoothness, it is true, was gone, and every rock and tree stood out full and clear; but the grand outlines were still the same. A few scattering wreaths of vapor were playing about the summit, driven and tossed by the sweeping winds; but, save these, the air was beautifully clear.

The first impression was one of surprise at the seeming nearness, and then one of disappointment that the mountain did not appear higher; but, resting and gazing, and measuring with mind and eye, there gradually came over me a sense of its overwhelming vastness, and my own exceeding littleness.

But never mind; to-morrow, God willing, small as I am, I shall stand above, and look down upon all that vastness.

Another half hour's walk, and a buckwheat field on the left occupied a depression on the ridge, known as the Grandmother Gap. The summit, which looks down upon it from beyond, is called, from its position, and not from any human resemblance, the "Grandmother." A single deep, narrow valley lies between her and her nobler consort. Through this valley flows one of the headwaters of Lindville River. On its grassy banks, and almost hidden in the laurel thickets, I found a house in process of reconstruction. It had once stood in a field, far up in the mountain, but the owner preferring the valley, had, with great labor, transported the material to this place. The family in the mean time were encamped in a rude shanty, enclosed on three

sides and covered. A mason was at work laying up the great stone chimney, with mortar of tempered clay. A boy of ten or twelve years was strutting round in a pair of new red-topped boots, evidently the first he ever possessed. Much delighted at being noticed, he bounded away to guide me over the brook and through a meadow thickly set with timothy, to a cool bower of closely tangled rhododendrons, where a clear spring of water trickled from the hillside and fell into a basin scooped in the rock.

Accustomed, below the mountains, to water at a temperature of about 60 degrees, I was almost startled at the icy coldness of this spring. But not alone in the temperature of springs is to be found the evidence that this region belongs to a climatic belt far different from that of the Atlantic slope. I observed, in particular, the spontaneous growth of the cultivated grasses, overrunning every spot of open ground on hillsides as well as in the valleys, in strong contrast with the bare or sedge-grown roadsides and old fields, which I had learned, from wide observation, to associate inseparably with every idea of North Carolina.

The "two-leaved" and "three-leaved" species of pine, which had also seemed to belong to all Carolina soil, were no longer to be seen; but their place was filled by the white pine and hemlock, which, though abounding upon the Atlantic side of the Blue Ridge, are confined to the mountains and their immediate foot-hills. But instead of the tall and stately forms I had been accustomed to see, I found them short and stocky, shaggy with dead and broken boughs, and gray with lichens. This appearance was so striking, that one of my first questions was, "What is the matter with your hemlocks over here?" The reply was, "Cold weather and the winds."

That the climate is moist as well as cool, is evident from the great abundance and variety of mosses and lichens to be seen on every hand.

The day was so far spent that I could not climb to the summit of the Grandfather and return before night, though the huge rocky mass frowned down upon me, apparently but a half hour's walk distant. So I thankfully accepted a blanket and a place at Bill Estee's camp-fire, for the evening was cool, and gave promise of frost.

In the crisp frosty air and paling starlight of early morning I was astir, hoping to gain the summit in time to see the sun rise. For a mile, a good road, cut through a dense growth of forest trees and rhododendrons, led up a winding ascent to an open field, from whence I looked forward and around, and perceived that I stood upon the *throat* of the Grandfather, while the chin towered, bold and rugged, above the forest before me. Entering the woods by a faint cow-path, I pushed forward in the dim light. Sugar maples, with sap-troughs at their roots, carried back my thoughts to the dear old days of early childhood; the sugar-making, and the play-houses we children used to make, carpeted with great flakes of moss from old logs and trees; the bark shelves of our cupboards carefully ranged with acorn cups and hickory-nut hulls; the sap-trough lined with softest moss, a resting-place for sister's home-made "Dollie." Though my feet stepped onward, my heart went back till all the years of hope and joy, of toil and sorrow, passed into nothingness, and I was a child again, breathing the sweet breath of spring, with birds and bees and earliest peeping flowers for my companions.

Half unconsciously, I had followed the trail till it became dim and dimmer, and at last disappeared. I had now to depend upon instinct and careful observation to guide me, for the mountain-top was hidden from view by the dense growth of trees. Marking well my way, I went on, breaking here a bush, blazing there a small tree with my knife, scattering sprigs of laurel with the white under surface of the leaves upward — anything by

which I might retrace my steps; for, though I might not be on the best or easiest way thither, the mountain-top was a great thing, and not easily missed; but the cow-path in the forest was a very little thing, and might be very hard to find, without a clue leading to it.

An open space, a glimpse of the summit, and a formidable-looking blackberry thicket confronted me, apparently girdling the mountain. Having learned to fear the terribly sharp strong claws of the middle Carolina blackberry, I hesitated and drew back; but seeing no alternative except a retreat, and not being ready for that, I boldly attacked the barrier. To my great surprise I found the canes almost thornless. I could even part them with my hands, and receive no hurt.

After the briers, came a belt of black spruce and balsam firs, with striped maple, mountain ash, and other trees and shrubs of northern growth. These bushes, huge, sloping fragments of rock, and a rugged cliff, rose abruptly before me. Hurrah! That must be the summit! Climbing eagerly up the bare, rough rock, lo! it was only a jutting prominence on the mountain side, while beyond was a fearfully rugged, tangled wilderness of rocks and bushes; a huge pyramidal mass rose half a thousand feet above me.

The sun had risen, and I was fatigued and sore with the part already passed. Would it pay to go through all that toil, just for a brief half hour on yonder pinnacle? I would rest awhile and look around me. What a glorious prospect! A wilderness of wooded mountains, with only here and there a small opening where some settler had laid bare the soil. In the southeast I could trace the course of the Catawba and its tributaries by the snow-white fog line, slowly rising and melting beneath the rays of the sun, into the golden haze which dimmed and mellowed all the eastern landscape.

Sweeping the wide horizon with

eager eye, the view was shut in at a short distance by the mountains to the north. The greater elevation of that pyramid top would place me above those obstructions. At this thought fatigue vanished, and with a cooling draught from a hollow of the rock, and a hurried breakfast from my haversack, I was strong for the task before me.

Climbing huge fragments of rock, only to swing myself down on the other side, by clinging to boughs of trees; creeping under arched passages and overhanging ledges; crawling on all-fours through thickets of laurel, so dense I could not see the sky above me; and again clambering over the tops of bushes, so closely matted as to bear me entirely up from the ground; I became so fascinated with my success in mastering such difficulties, as to several times forget to mark the way. Then I would have to retrace my steps and bring up the clue.

I met with frequent indications that bears abound in these mountains; and once, in crawling through the laurels, placed my hand side by side with the fresh impress of a great heavy foot. It could not have been many hours since Bruin trod the same path I was following; but so long as he did not return to dispute my passage, the way would serve us both.

Reaching the foot of the pyramid, the descent became more easy, though steep as an angle of 45 degrees. Balsam firs succeeded the bushes; and the absence of undergrowth gave more freedom of movement. Ascending rapidly, I soon emerged upon a steep bare rock, with scarcely enough roughness of surface to afford a footing. Cautiously climbing upward, hands lending aid to feet, a little level spot was at length attained, in a sunny nook within twenty or thirty feet of the top. There in the scanty soil were blooming a group of prairie flowers—three species which are common upon the prairies of Iowa. It was like meeting with three familiar friends, unex-

pectedly, in a foreign land — one of those joyful surprises which so often await the botanist in his rambles in out of the way places.

Passing through a rocky wall, I stood upon the brink of a precipice, which went down so steep I almost fancied I could cast a stone to the middle of the valley which skirts the mountain on the north; the depth so great that the trees, dwarfed by the distance, seemed almost like mosses at the bottom.

The only living thing in sight was a solitary hawk, poised on outspread wings, hanging motionless for a moment over the abyss, and then sailing swiftly and noiselessly away.

Not a sound came up from those far depths; not a cloud marred the spotlessness of the crystalline sky; not a breeze swayed the bushes growing from the rifts of rock; all was still as the grave. I looked round, and saw, on every side, the marks of violence and storm, and wondered at the utter calm.

A good, firm, easy way I found to mount the last remaining rock, the coping of the pyramid. But behold! it was not a pyramid at all. It was the projecting chin bone of the Grandfather!

To the northeast I could trace the elevations and depressions which fill out the whole of the profile. The nose about a mile, and the brow almost two miles distant, appeared to be near a hundred feet higher than the chin. Leaning upon the sharp crest, long I stood to gaze upon the vast panorama spread out around and below me. Bounding the prospect in the far southwest, I could see the towering summits of the Black; while all around, like green, tossing billows, lay the wooded mountains, an expanse of almost unbroken forest from highest crests to deepest valleys.

The narrow, fertile valley of the Catawba, with its cultivated lands, and the broad upland farms of Burke county showed faintly under the golden haze of the south and east; while far away toward Tennessee, were to be seen several farms upon the mountain tops; a few smaller clearings, here and there in the valleys or on the sides of the mountains; but aside from these, the appearance was that of a wild, uninhabitable country.

One long, lingering gaze upon the landscape of grandeur and beauty; one reluctant, sad and final adieu, and bending my eyes upon the traced pathway, I began the descent.

Jehu Lewis.

KILLED IN THE ROLL-WAY.

HALF an hour before sunrise, on a certain December morning of a certain year not long since passed away, William Tyner, lumberman, wrenched open the door of the long logging shanty he occupied in common with half a hundred other lumbermen, kicked a drift of newly-fallen snow from the threshold, with a right boot which answered, not illy, the purpose of a snow-shovel, and went plodding out to the stable with a smoky lantern in one mittened hand, and a great bundle under the other arm.

Mr. Tyner was tall and muscular. He might have been compared, and not inappropriately, considering his erect and rotund figure, with the best of the straight pines he slashed about day after day. Indeed, to continue the comparison, we might add that, like the future lumber supply, it was his characteristic that he became unreliable only at the top. Set him at a dead lift, and he was your man; but once set about utilizing the upper portion—which, in his case, was represented by a low, narrow head, covered with shaggy hair behind and shaggy whiskers in front—once set about utilizing this supposed location of intelligence, I say, and then straightway came to view such a fertility of obstinate knots and awry growths, that anything it worked into was certain to be wofully perverse and out of shape.

Half an hour passed away; the winter sun came up with not a cloud between its round face and the dark stretch of Michigan pine lands—and nothing more of Mr. Tyner. He ought to have been done a quarter of an hour ago. The sun made noiseless and successful battle with the fire-lit windows of the cabin, and brought out drowsy men to bask in the beneficence of the victor. Later, it peered over the dizzy height of the roll-way,

and pushed icy stalactites from the thawing eaves. Later still, the out-pour of smoke from the kitchen chimney ceased, when the chore-boy went out on an errand for the foreman, and there was no sign of a call to breakfast, nor of Tyner coming to draw water from the spring. Another half hour. By and by a hungry man and a curious man went to the kitchen and stable respectively. The foreman found only a cold stove and a wondering boy of all-work; the latter only the oxen chewing their cud leisurely, and a watch-dog asleep on the hay. The two investigators met half way, and each looked into a blank, astonished face. Then one summed up the case in an emphatic sentence:

"Tyner's run away with the cook!"

That was all there was about it; and they had to get their own breakfast and content themselves with muddy coffee, half-cooked potatoes and beans, and overdone meat. Numerous and diverse were the opinions expressed upon the interesting occasion. The foreman, for instance, vowed, in language as concise as it was irreverent, that they should both be brought back. The scaler was the fair damsel's brother, and, being most interested, said not a word, but toyed thoughtfully with his measure, and walked away into the forest, with a hard blank on his down-looking visage. Two sawyers, who had each regarded the recent new gowns and bright colors coquettishly displayed from the kitchen window as intended for their approval only, and had hated each other cordially in consequence, pitied "poor Tyner," and shook hands heartily. And all except the brother laughed and made idle jests over it, and told stories it put them in mind of, for that day and a few days to come, and—forgot it.

Mr. William Tyner and his blushing

bride had an original wedding tour. And "Jolly," the horse, instead of hauling water for the cooking of breakfast, and making himself generally useful about the camp that certain winter morning, as a well-behaved horse should, was lending aid and countenance to the runaways, and hauling the cook away from the raw viands. The beast had been dubbed "Jolly," it is supposed, because he was as far from being jolly as an aged beast with few teeth and a great many crooked joints could well be; and the countenance he loaned to the pair on this occasion, and which got over the deep-drifted path, with its low-hanging boughs, with mighty breathing and many an awkward stumble, looked more attenuated and melancholy than ever. What with the load upon his back—which consisted of the cook and the entire supply of worldly goods belonging to her and to her steedless cavalier—and the load upon his feet, for the snow was wet and packed, it was the work of an entire day to accomplish the journey to the next camp, a distance of half a score of miles.

Just as the sun was touching the tops of the tallest pines with its last light, the red-shirted Justice, living half a mile from their destination, was called upon to make Miss Polly Ensign Mrs. Polly Tyner—which he did in a smutty kitchen, with half a dozen young Justices rolling on the floor; and the jaded beast stumbled on, not only with the old weight, but with the added gravity of the new responsibilities the lady had assumed.

In half an hour Mr. Tyner put up his horse—the trifling fact that it had not been his horse twelve hours before did not appear to affect the ownership now—and settled down in his new quarters, which he had engaged a week before, in his old capacity; and Mrs. Polly relieved herself of divers showy ribbons and bits of jewelry, and settled down among the pots and kettles, in her old capacity—just as they both might have done in the

old camp, had they chosen—and set about it in a way calculated to defeat all opposition. But where are the bright spots in our commonplace world, if you smother every outburst of romance? An ordinary marriage would have been insipid; this was startling! Besides, they would have been laughed at.

There was chopping to do, and cooking to do, and William and Polly were both busy. William was not a great deal with Polly, as a matter of course; but when he was by her, he thought that handsome swamper might be farther away; and he thought, too, that flopping pancakes and frying pork did not call for so lavish a display of gorgeous apparel. She had quite a sum of money by her, that he had saved through the chill of many a winter's logging and the sweat of sultry harvest days; but he did not see why she should spend it so freely. In a month he was jealous of the swamper, and tried to get his money into his own hands again. But independent Polly kept the money, and gave him no satisfaction. Then they had a miserable quarrel, and Tyner went over to the town and got drunk. Ah, the frailties of masculine minds! Tyner knew that poor whiskey would not help his case any, but he felt desperate and spiteful. It would cut Polly, and let her see what she had driven him to; perhaps make her do better, rather than live with a drunkard. But when did such means ever gain the end sought? When he got sober, they had another set-to; and Tyner went doggedly about his work, and let her alone for two months. He would n't even remonstrate when the swamper left his work days at a time, and smoked and played euchre in the kitchen with Polly, to the great detriment of the dinners. But the foreman did; and, further, declared he would n't have it. Then Polly drew down her face, and said he was an old idiot, and that he should mind his own business—there! And so the winter wore away.

There came a certain morning, when the thick, melting snow was filling the river-bed with water—which seemed to be ever running, faster and faster, to make way for the great rush behind, which never run out—when the mighty roll-way was ready to break, and the sun was rising upon another cloudless day to see it done. A man rose before his comrades in the logging camp, and shuffled out to the stable, and did not come back to breakfast. A set of men had swashed their ruddy faces in ice-cold water, and were waiting for a call from the kitchen, which did not come. Then two hungry and curious men went to the kitchen and the stable, respectively, and met half-way; and each looked into a blank, astonished face, as those two other investigators had done four months before. Then one summed up the case in one emphatic sentence:

"The swamper's run away with the cook!"

How very like another morning of which we have heard! And, to make it very much more like, they had to get their own breakfast, and mingled many a rough joke with the cooking. And the man who was most interested went down to the roll-way with his pipe and axe, and said nothing.

He worked and pried away at the undermost logs until noon, and said not a word on the subject. His chum was in a sweat keeping up with him.

"The roll-way will start in an hour,"

said the foreman, after dinner, glancing up at the straight wall of logs eighty feet high, and already leaning over the heads of the workmen, as if in haste to meet the rising, surging, foaming water.

At two o'clock those below heard a great cry from the roll-way above. The last log had started their pile, and, its logs projecting, it would sweep the lower one with it. The men dropped their tools and fled before the down-crashing, thundering mass. The men above watched in breathless suspense to see them get clear. But Tyner would not move. He gave a hasty look at the land, and at the blue sky looking down calm and serene on the troubled landscape. Then the rolling pile came down upon him, and buried all there was left of the stalwart man full thirty feet deep.

The water rose higher and higher. It came nearly half way to the top of the bank, and overran the lowlands. Then the long bottom tier started, and swept away toward the lake. Clinging to one of the logs, all crushed and limp from the pounding roll-way, with a black line over his brow and a quiet look upon his face, they found poor Tyner. Tied in a button-hole of his coarse shirt was a knot of dainty blue ribbon, holding a braid of blonde hair. They knew without questioning where he had got it, and why he had gone out with it upon his breast that day.

His romance was ended.

Alfred Graham.

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

THE Geysers of Iceland, chiefest of juvenile marvels, pictured as colossal fountains of hot water in their geographies, where the school-boy reads—but has his doubts—that eggs are boiled in them without fire, have been fairly eclipsed of late by the famous Yellowstone Geysers of our own country. Of them, very ample and engaging descriptions have been given. But a thousand miles southwest of them, at a place scarce a hundred miles north of San Francisco, are the Geysers of Pluton Creek, which, were they the only ones in America, would justly count among the wonders of the western world.

The route for the tourist in visiting them is from San Francisco by steamer—a delightful ride—to Vallejo; thence by railway to Callistoga; thence by a stirring and magnificent stage trip up, down, and over the mountains, to the "Geysers." The springs extend for nearly a quarter of a mile up the cañon, and almost the same distance down the mountain bordering on, until they empty into, Pluton Creek. The location is one of the wildest and most picturesque that can be found, and is at an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet, surrounded by mountains from one to two thousand feet higher still. Great deposits of cinnabar lie in this vicinity; and it has been found sublimated, and the metal cooled in the cavities of the rock. In one case, six pounds of fluid quicksilver was found. Epsom salts, alum, magnesia, cinnabar, and yellow ochre, can be gathered in vast quantities. In one of the springs, iron is held in solution.

About four miles northeast of Pluton Cañon, are the Geysers. Earthquakes are frequent in this section; and, judging from its topography and geology, at some remote period in the past it was subject to intense volcanic action,

and is among the earliest developments of the Coast Range.

There are evidences all along down the mountain slopes bordering on Pluton Creek, for a distance of twenty-seven miles, of intense chemical action of precisely the same character of the present Geysers, in ages past; and we know not how soon an earthquake may change the course of the subterranean currents of water, the present Geysers themselves be among the wonders of the past, and new ones—nobody could guess where—may burst from the earth.

A more precise description of the locality may befit the account of these interesting Geysers, which is the object of this paper.

Sonoma county, California—signifying, in the Indian tongue, "Valley of the Moon"—is bounded on the north by Mendocino and Lake counties; on the east by Napa; on the south by Marin county and San Francisco Bay; and on the west by the ocean. It comprises an area of about 900,000 acres. The chief topographical features are four splendid valleys, and the rivers, Petaluma—signifying in Indian, "Duck Hill"—Sonoma, Santa Rosa, and Russian. The northern part of the county is mountainous, with spurs of the Coast Range rising to the height of from 2,000 to 2,500 feet. Sulphur Peak, near the celebrated Geysers, in the northeastern part, is 3,500 feet high. The climate of the county is even and agreeable. The moisture imparted by the sea air renders the valleys exceedingly fertile. The principal towns are Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Healdsburg, and Sonoma. The scenery of this county is as magnificently grand as any portion of the Pacific slope east of the far-famed Yo Semite Valley and Chanchilla range of mountains.

The Geysers and the Petrified Forest are its peculiarly attractive features, the former being located in the northeasterly part of the county, about ninety miles north from San Francisco.

The Geysers were discovered in 1847, by two brothers Elliott, while traversing that wild and then unexplored region on a hunting excursion. Here is a vast laboratory of nature, in which are fountains, boiling and bubbling with wonderful chemical emissions. His Satanic Majesty is recognized suzerain of the whole; for his name is attached at every nook and corner. This is not without at least an emotional fitness; in tramping over his estate, with the earth trembling beneath your feet, you certainly feel as though you were in the regions of the infernal.

Situated in a deep gorge of the well-named Pluton Cañon, the rocks, which have been burned to all variety of colors by igneous volcanic action, give evidence of past eruptions, while some are coated with compounds of sulphur, lime, and magnesia, from the overflow of water from hundreds of small fountains—the little *diablerie* of the place.

As you stand on the veranda of the hotel, and look up and down the cañon, early in the morning, or at the close of the day, you will see volumes of steam rising from the little holes which serve as escape-valves, filling the gorge like a thick cloud. And it is surprising, when this has disappeared, to note the green vegetation clinging even to the very verge of the red-hot cauldrons and boiling springs. The hotel is admirably situated, so as to give one a lasting impression of its surroundings. A high mountain rises at its back, while just in front, in a deep gully, runs a stream of water, which, when visited, will give one the pleasure either of a cold or warm bath. The gardens are filled with brilliant flowers of the most delicate hue; while the grape-vine twines its tendrils about huge trees, or spreads its prodigal leaves over house

and fence. The mountain tops rise high to the right and left, forming a kind of amphitheatre for the display of these wonders of nature.

With a guide, we cross the Pluton Creek, just in front of the hotel, over a rustic bridge; and, on ascending to view the Geysers, the feet begin to grow very warm. The phenomenon is readily explained, when, on placing the hand on the ground, we find the heat of Vesuvius' crater. A stream of pure warm water flows—now lightly dancing over rock or pebble, now with thundering impetuosity rushing through self-made ravines. Here, amid sulphates of iron, soda, etc., is a vast deposit, known as the "Sulphur Bank," which may have a capital greater than the Bank of England has. Secluded from view, in a little cove large enough to admit a common-sized drinking-glass, is a little fountain of alum water; while, adjoining, are various salts of lime, magnesia, ammonia, soda, and potash, with the fearful odor of hydro-sulphuric acid.

By thrusting your cane into the thin crust, hot, sulphurous steam will come from the aperture; and if you push aside the soil, little streams of hot water will be seen, with cold water running by their side. Next you are surprised by a pool of eye-water, the color of brass, which is used for the cure of various eye diseases—not hot, but tepid; while within the distance of three or four inches, iron-water of a most remarkable tinge is seen.

Both sides seem to be under a continual state of chemical agitation. One of the strange features to be noticed is the peculiarity of a cauldron of boiling hot water, steaming before you, while by its side runs a stream of cold water, with fishes; so that if one desired, he could sit and catch fish, and, while still on the hook, boil them within a few inches of the stream in which they were caught. At one place the water is so pure and runs so beautifully that it looks the perfect crystal, while, near by, you are attracted

to the struggling, bubbling "Devil's Ink," oozing from its hole, as black as Arnold's. This substance is actually used for writing purposes, and we were told by the proprietor that the registers of the hotel were kept with it.

Not far from here, just above a rough ascent, where, if you were to lose your footing, you would be apt to fall into boiling hot water, is the "Devil's Tea-Kettle." It keeps up a continual sibilant sound, raising and lowering the ground, reminding one forcibly of the dancing lid of the tea-pot at home. A shrill shriek comes from its mouth, which sounds, at a distance, like the whistle of a tug-boat. This is, however, partly artificial, some person having placed a lead whistle there, and by directing the steam through it, caused the shriek.

The mountain sides are shaggy with rough stones and overhanging rocks; and when you look up to the blue heavens, with their shifting scenery of light and cloud, it seems like a vision. The red flag floats in the breeze from off the "Devil's Pulpit," a broad platform of earth, which seems like a crust thrown over a pit. With what propriety it has been deemed likely that the devil would preach, I express no opinion. From here, a view seldom seen by the wandering visitor is offered. Down through the steep ravine runs the hot torrent of water, while at a distance, green hills and towering Alpine peaks rise with majesty towards the eternal blue.

To the right, the famous "Steamboat Spring" hisses from its hundred valves, reminding one of a steamer moored along the wharf. It is situated not far from the "Cauldron," at the bottom of the cañon. The rocks at one place open a width of about two feet, and constantly eject a large body of steam, sufficient, if it could be utilized, to run the engines of a large manufacturing town. It has, indeed, been suggested that from this great natural boiler a Lowell might be built. Some speculative Yankee, ambitious to make the

laws of nature flexible to his will, may yet contrive a way to put it to use. This done, and the most attractive feature of the Geysers will have been displaced, and California's greatest curiosity gone. A Dutch gentleman, a wealthy banker of Holland, with a scientific turn, expressed the utilitarian idea to me, as we stood in amazement, theorizing upon the cause of the wonder.

As you stand upon this high platform, and survey the vast fields of natural marvels, the sensation produced is indescribable. It is a fascination strangely like that which creeps over one when beholding the ruins of an ancient city destroyed by the convulsions of nature.

The "Indian Sweat-Bath" is supposed to have been an aboriginal resort for the sick. It contains many properties of value for various diseases, as experience verifies, and is used to-day by the more civilized successors of the rude Americans of antiquity. A few sticks are thrown across the aperture, and covered so as to retain the steam, for medicinal purposes. On these the patient was laid. The Indians, in early days—so tradition recites—would come from a great distance to procure a bath from this famous magic healer, and thus it has received its present title.

But among the most attractive features in the cañon is the "Witches' Cauldron," a cavity about six or seven feet in diameter, the depth of which has never yet been ascertained. A black fluid roars madly, splashing and bubbling, at a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, rising and falling sometimes two or three feet, throwing its waters high up on the sides. Stalactites of sulphur cover the rock far above with a pale hue, in some places glittering with innumerable little crystals. It is the strangest scene ever witnessed, and of course recalls "Macbeth." In the moonlight, where wild winds sweep over the high peaks, and angry clouds drift across the sky, the shadows and

gleams darting across the vision would make one feel the presence of spirits and weird witches around the pool, and hear the awful chant of

" Fillet of a finny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble."

In the year 1861, says Cronise, this cauldron, from some unknown cause, was emptied of its contents and filled with steam. The proprietor of the hotel at the place, fearing that it would thus be deprived of one of its greatest attractions, caused a small stream of water to be let into the cauldron, curious himself to see what would be the result. The instant the cool water came in contact with the lower portion of the cavity, a fearful commotion ensued ; the ground for several rods about shook with violence, and in a few minutes after, the in-flowing water was ejected, with stunning reports, and thrown a hundred feet in the air. In

about three hours after the water was shut off, the viscid fluid reappeared, and has continued to boil and bubble ever since. It excites wonder and admiration, and has as yet baffled the investigations of science.

The contrast is great as you descend the opposite side. Instead of the noisy terrors of the sulphurous gorge, the hillsides and groves are lined with beauty. We see nature, synthetic and creative, transforming the wondrous fires into quiet bloom, and renewing the loveliness of a globe, " with a crust of fossils and a heart of fire."

It is refreshing, after two hours' rambling over the hot surface, and through the Tartarean streams of the ravine, to breathe the pure air of heaven amidst the " Lovers' Retreat," or to rest in the bosom of the " Lovers' Cañon." It is said that there are those who have been filled with disappointment and sorrow, with the reproach of conscience or of defeat, who have struggled with their manliness and honor, but in a moment of despair have plunged into the awful gulf of the " Lovers' Leap."

Dwight K. Tripp.

THE UNIVERSAL PEACE-BRINGER.

" **H**UM! hum!" muttered old Mr. Hessler, as he dreamily gazed into the dense cloud of smoke curling up from the long clay pipe in his mouth. "Hum! hum!"

"What can pa be thinking about?" asked Miss Georgiana, of Rosalie, her elder sister, who sat sewing at an open window.

"It do n't concern me," replied the other, with a listless air; "who can tell?"

"The old man is growing more whimsical every day," continued the

younger sister, irreverently. "Most likely it is again the future of his precious nephew that troubles him. He thinks of every person, rather than his own flesh and blood. *Our* fate is, of course, hardly worth a thought. We shall yet live to see him set up that lout in business with our money; and when he breaks down a second time, we may have the pleasure of supporting him as before. And then pa constantly reproaches us with not finding husbands, because we are too particular! I should really like to know where the

husbands are to come from, when nobody that is in the least eligible visits our house! They manage such matters differently in other families. Ha! ha! Here, only some few old muffs of the Art Union come to play the gallant. What chances have we? Yes, if we knew a couple of young lawyers, or doctors, then, perhaps—"

"Do n't talk to me about your young lawyers and doctors," contemptuously said the elder maiden; "they hardly have a penny of their own."

"But one need not marry the poor ones; there are plenty that are well off, and may be attached with proper management. The money which that lazy George has cost us during the last two years might have been far more profitably laid out in a series of picnics and parties. Under what obligations is the old man to his nephew? If his sister brought up the boy so badly that he is useless, are we to suffer for it? A broken-down apothecary! Ugh! Why can't he find employment in some drug-store? If he was too lazy, or too stupid, to succeed in business for himself, he might go and serve others. The sloven is not even presentable in decent company. I will bet you my head against a pin that his affectionate uncle is even now cudgelling his brains how to assist him. I should dearly love to know his notions on the subject."

"Ask him, then," impatiently said the sister, gazing abstractedly out of the window.

The remarks of Miss Georgiana about the position which her cousin occupied in the Hessler household, were in the main true. George Ray was an orphan, the son of Hessler's only sister, who had embarked a small inheritance in a drug store, and then failed in business. The young man, though comely in person, was distinguished for indolence, personal slovenliness, and a propensity to blundering, which made him a general butt of ridicule. After his failure as a druggist, no one could be found to take the untidy fel-

low as a clerk, nor would any druggist trust him to make up prescriptions. Unable to assist his nephew to employment, the uncle finally gave him a home, until a chance should offer to set him up in some avocation. But the peculiar character and objectionable traits of the *protégé* made it difficult to carry out these good intentions; and so honest, good-natured George—for honest and good-natured he certainly was—had been over two years a pensioner on his relative's bounty. His life, while free from responsible cares, had not been one of unalloyed happiness; for the charming Georgiana and her graver sister, Rosalie, took good care to let him feel that he was eating the bitter bread of charity. They hinted at dependence, dilated on the disgust arising from personal untidiness, and on the want of spirit of an able-bodied man idling away his time. These uncomplimentary opinions were, as we have said, very freely expressed by the sisters—though our good George was blessed with such a tough skin that these shafts harmlessly rebounded from it like hail from a glacier. But there were worse things to bear. He had no rest or peace, filling, as he negligently did, the graceless office of a drudge in the household. It was even reported in the neighborhood that he had been seen at dusk to empty slop-pails in the sewers. With such duties, not even the most cleanly man, much less George, would have been expected to look neat by more generous cousins. He accepted, however, all these tasks with the dull resignation of a pack-mule, swallowed the good set before him, and shook off the abuse heaped on his head as a duck does the rain. Georgiana was therefore wrong when she said that their cousin was of "no earthly use about the house;" for, though dilatory, he faithfully did most of the chores on the premises. But, such are women! They degrade a man, and then despise him for his degradation. So do men, however.

The old gentleman, who had none

of the acerbity of his somewhat faded offspring — they had inherited their sainted mother's temper — agreed excellently with George. Mr. Hessler was an artist, a painter; but as his own productions had not been much encouraged by the patronage of an unappreciative public, he had added the more profitable calling of a teacher of drawing to his profession, out of which he made a comfortable living. His income was still further augmented by the Presidency of an Art Union, for the sale and distribution of oil paintings. A great painter once said that great minds were the most lenient in judging the works of others; and that mediocre men are the contrary. Hessler formed a shining exception to the rule; for the artists who contributed to the Union could not complain of a severe criticism on the part of the President. But the institution thrived, nevertheless, for the public fortunately differs widely in taste. In an intellectual point of view, the uncle was not much above the level of his nephew; for which reason he probably affected his society all the more, often going with him at night to enjoy a social glass, and to play a game of cribbage at the "Gridiron"—a popular place of entertainment. George was, moreover, a great comfort to the old gentleman at home; for the ill-temper of the young ladies, which formerly used to vent itself upon him, now found relief in persecuting the younger man. But let us return to the fair persecutors.

"Ask him," Rosalie had said; and Georgiana had decided to act on her sister's suggestion.

"Are you not well, pa?" she asked in a half ironical tone.

"Why?" queried the father — for they had taught him to be suspicious.

"Because you clear your throat so much. Have you caught a cold?"

"Nonsense! I was just considering—"

"Has a pupil deserted you?"

"Stuff! Much would you care!"

"Or is it that pictures won't sell?

You should not cast precious pearls before—"

"Pooh! they become constantly rarer."

"Which, the pearls or the—"

"Stop that chattering, and mind your business!"

"But," persisted Georgiana, stepping up to him and twining her plump arm playfully round his neck; "there is something weighs on your mind."

The old gentleman again cleared his throat. He was wavering.

"Perhaps you are thinking how to get rid of us?"

The old gentleman started, and his unspoken resolution hardened to iron. "The devil take it! Do you think I take pleasure in hearing your tongues? If not quarrelling with George, it is with the servant, or with me; and when I am not here, you quarrel with each other. This must be stopped, and soon. One of you shall leave the house."

"But where to go, dear pa? Will you send one of us to the pawnbrokers?" whined the daughter. But she had roused his stubbornness.

"One of you shall marry!" exclaimed the father, in a rage.

The young ladies burst into a shout of laughter. Georgiana threw herself on the sofa, almost out of breath. Rosalie was the first to regain her composure, and asked who was to be the happy man?

"Who? Who else than George?" roared the old gentleman.

Another peal of laughter, more prolonged than the other, followed. It was again the elder sister who resumed the examination.

"That sloven and idler!" she cried, stamping her foot. "That blockhead! How is he to support a wife?"

"Take him, sister," giggled Georgiana; "he is so nice and attractive. You will be quite proud to show him off. And then your ages suit so admirably. Oh, it will be delicious!"

Rosalie paled with anger. George was twenty-five years of age, and she

had seen some three or four summers more. The thrust of her spiteful sister, though she also had already a couple dozen years behind her, was keenly felt and resented. Rosalie would undoubtedly have flown at her, if anger had not unnerved her. She therefore contented herself with sobbing hysterically into her handkerchief, and beating at the same time a tattoo with her feet.

The old gentleman grimly waited for the young ladies to recover from the shock; but, when the giggle of the younger and the sobs of the elder had subsided, he said:

"Now, hear me, girls! I can force neither of you to marry; but I will tell you what I am resolved to do. George will be set up in business by me; he shall open a store for the sale of paints, brushes, canvas, and other materials. I will take care that he finds customers: those who do not deal with him, sell no pictures if I can help it; and as our artists paint quickly, they use a good many paints, brushes, etc. The business will succeed, especially if we keep good material on hand. George is to be established on the condition that he takes one of you, I do n't care which one, off my hands. Perhaps it would be best if it were Rosalie; not only because she is the eldest, but because she is a good manager, handy at figures, and knows how to keep a set of books. The money I propose to invest in this way will not be counted in the portion of the one who accepts him, but given as a marriage present."

This was practical business. But the old man knew his girls better than lovers did.

"Great heaven!" screamed Rosalie. "Is this justice? Is it fair? Is our money to be wasted on a vagabond? No! never, never will I—"

"Silence!" thundered the old gentleman. "Who has earned the money, eh? I have, the Lord knows, put up with enough from you! Now there shall be an end of it—once for all! If the marriage is not arranged, I shall

leave every cent I possess to the poor; remember that. One of you I am determined to get rid of; and, as I said, I do n't care which."

The girls had never seen their father in such a passion. They were thoroughly cowed as he left them, slamming the door behind him with a force that shook the whole house. It was now Georgiana's turn to sob. Rosalie sat by the window, sunk in profound thought. This maiden, whose leading passion was avarice, had been profoundly impressed with the old gentleman's words. The inducement offered was not more effectual than the threat which accompanied it.

"Cease your snivelling," she said crossly to her sister; "nobody expects *you* to take the fellow. I will settle the matter."

"Really?" exclaimed the other, with animation. "I had suspected all along you liked him. What an interesting match it will make! You will enrich yourself at the expense of your sister, I suppose, while to poor George you will be a mother."

"Hold your tongue, this instant, you minx, or—" and here an expressive motion of the hand in the direction of a flower-pot, which stood near the window, taught Georgiana that it might be prudent to abandon the field. With a mock curtsy she left the room, hissing out a malicious "I congratulate you!" She did not want George, except in case her sister wanted him.

Rosalie's resolution was, as we have seen, to take the man and the money. To the father's great joy, she communicated her intention to the family at supper. George turned slightly pale, but the old gentleman whimsically won him over to the project by arguing that it was better to be tormented by one vixen than by two.

The old man forwarded with the utmost haste the arrangements for the new business. The greatest difficulty in establishing George was that his old creditors would come down on him; but an expedient was discovered to

guard against this danger. Mr. Hessler rented the house, in which the new couple were to start in life, took a chattel mortgage on the store below and the furniture in the lodging rooms above, and advertised for a book-keeper. A competent man was soon found, who placed not only his name, but his clerical services, for a salary of \$800, at the old gentleman's disposal; and thus the firm of Charles H. Sayers & Co. was fairly launched. The marriage immediately followed. The chaste lips of Miss Rosalie lisped out the fatal "yes." Poor George, so said a witness, made a face during the ceremony as if he were to be hung; while Georgiana looked on with secret envy and vexation. The only really happy spectator was old Hessler. The time had not come for the others.

The honeymoon of the new couple brought, of course, little of what poets and novelists so delight to portray. George's attention to the business was neither necessary nor desired, for Mrs. Ray and Sayers monopolized it; and the former would not even allow him to inspect the books. But though his meddling was strictly forbidden, the inconsistent woman incessantly reproached the poor fellow for the idleness that she constrained. When he offered to lend a hand in the store, he was snubbed; and as it would not have looked well to put a promoted husband to the same domestic services which had devolved upon a dependent bachelor, this drudgery no longer fell to his share. In a word, George was treated in the establishment of which he was legally the head, like a superfluous piece of furniture, and always considered in the way. Even his daily food was embittered to him; if no other fault could be found by his pitiless spouse, he was charged with not having washed his face and hands before sitting down to the table, or with a black spot on his nose, or grease stains on his clothes. It may easily be imagined what annoyance and discomfort our friend George suf-

fered in doing such violence to his natural disposition, when compelled to pay some attention to his personal appearance. In addition to this, Rosalie insisted on a thorough inspection of his hands, face, nails, and clothes, before she would suffer him to leave the house. But though he considered it a special grievance, his appearance was materially improved by this persecution. None were perhaps more astonished by this change in the outward man than his old chums at the "Gridiron." His slovenliness had been so notorious that he was known there as "Dirty George;" but when he met his friends after his marriage, which, owing to the strictness of his household despot, and a scarcity of loose change, was not often, they noticed, with no little amusement, a new circumspection in his demeanor. Instead of leaning his elbows, as he used to do in former days, on a beer-stained or dusty table, he would hardly venture near it. In drinking—eating away from home he could not afford—he was careful not to spill a drop on his white shirt-bosom or vest. It was Orestes with the fury lying in wait for him at the portals of the sanctuary. The listless, happy, devil-may-care George, had been coined into a sober and respectable being.

It was in this altered mood that he one day met at the "Gridiron" one of his former cronies, Mr. Albert Crowquill, a gentleman vaguely styled a journalist, but whose connection with the press was mainly confined to soliciting advertisements, drawing up "special notices," and occasionally picking up "sad, if not fatal accidents," for the daily papers.

"My dear fellow," Crowquill exclaimed, in his peculiar chirpy manner, taking a seat near poor George's table, and ordering an extra strong cocktail to clear his brain, "again in such low spirits? What in the world has come over you? Ease your mind and confess to me. I am sure something can be done to help you."

George sadly shook his head.

"But, in the name of all that is odd, man, what ails you? You look quite respectable. Take another glass, and let us hear what troubles you. Does n't your business flourish?"

"Ah!" replied George; "*my* business! What do I know about my business, to say whether it thrives or not?"

"How is that? Why do n't you examine the ledger?" asked the other, with affected amazement, and a knowing look.

"I should like to see myself as much as touch its cover. If I want to examine the account of the sales, my wife flies at me like a fury, and says that I do n't understand these things."

"The deuce! Is it really so? Why, then, do you not assert your rights as a husband, and make your wife mind her kitchen and household affairs, if there are no babies for her to nurse?"

"My dear Crowquill, wait till you are married and you will know better. Opposition only makes matters worse than they already are. She and my bookkeeper have resolved that I am to have nothing to do with the business. Perhaps I should not object to the arrangement, if they would leave off reproaching me with my uselessness. My wife flings it daily into my face that I am an idler—in short, I am badgered to death. Were it not that she keeps me so short of money, I should run away."

Crowquill knit his bushy brows, pondered awhile, then laid his hand on the henpecked Benedict's shoulder, and said, for he saw his chance now:

"George, old boy, let me advise you. You must make an effort to earn money without consulting your wife. Listen. Speculate on the gullibility and the ignorance of that hydra-headed monster, called the public. *Mundus vult decipi*—as the Roman poet has it. You understand Latin?"

George nodded his head in the affirmative, but looked at Crowquill with such a tell-tale expression that it plainly contradicted his pan omime.

"Well, what does it mean?" asked Crowquill, after a pause.

George remained silent, in evident confusion.

"Then let me enlighten you," continued his friend, with a smile of lofty superiority: "it means that the world wants to be humbugged. Very well; you shall get up some humbug, and thus gratify it. Attack the world in its most vulnerable point. Proclaim war against some disease, for instance, neuralgia—a universal affliction. As a druggist, you can find no difficulty in hitting upon some concoction which will act on the nerves—in fact, what won't? You may even resort to some old specific, if nothing better should suggest itself, say, valerian, belladonna, or anything else of that nature; only be sure to give the nostrum a sonorous name, such as Dr. Ray's Universal Peace-Bringer and Neuralgia Abominator, and then trust to fortune for the rest. Begin the manufacture on a small scale; advertise it well; give a few dozen bottles to the different drug stores at a large discount; then let third parties buy them back for you at the full price; and repeat this operation three or four times. By and by the sales will not only become real, but plenty of people will fancy that they have been cured; and from these you secure certificates, if necessary, for pay. In the mean time, I shall charge myself with proclaiming the virtues of the new panacea, and the beneficent learning and ability of Dr. Ray, the discoverer, through the newspapers, both in advertisements and special notices. Trust me. I am master of that game. The business is certain to be profitable in the end, while you will become a new man by shutting up your wife's mouth in the most convincing manner. Sir, Dr. George Ray could do it."

But our George did not appear to be very much elated by the bright prospects held out to him. "This may all be very true," he said, languidly; "but to start a business, no matter in how

moderate a way, requires some capital. I can expect no money from my wife, who would only call me a fool if I mentioned the matter to her. Where, then, is the cash to come from?"

"Pooh!" said Crowquill, with an airy wave of the hand; "the money is a secondary consideration. I undertake to persuade your excellent uncle and father-in-law to advance the preliminary expenses. All that you have to do is to get up the mixture. If incapable of even this, you are past human help, and not worth a shot of powder. Meet me again at this place to-night with the stuff, and fetch along the old gentleman, so that we may go to work without loss of time. But bear in mind one essential to success—the medicine must be cheap."

George faithfully promised to follow these instructions in spirit and letter. On his return home, he succeeded with very little trouble in making up a mixture of the character suggested by Crowquill; and then he went more hopefully than he had been at any time since his marriage, to solicit the old gentleman's company for that night to the "Gridiron." Hessler was not hard to persuade; and they found Crowquill expecting them.

Honest Hessler, whom the trials of his nephew really inspired with genuine pity, and whose conscience sometimes reproached him for the marriage, heard Crowquill's scheme, and readily agreed, though without much hope of success, to advance a couple of hundreds for the experiment. The next question to consider was, how to keep a knowledge of what was going on from the amiable Rosalie. But Hessler readily found a solution for the difficulty. He remembered a friend, who was a chemist; and this gentleman in due time very cheerfully permitted George to use his laboratory for the preparation of the panacea. Some forty dozen bottles were purchased; labels and posters were ordered at the printer's; and when the bottles had been filled, corked, sealed, and la-

belled, Crowquill drew up for the special notice columns of the daily papers an eloquent account of the wonderful discovery which had been made "for the relief of a suffering world."

A few mornings after the memorable conversation between Crowquill and our friend George, at the "Gridiron," Rosalie and her factotum, Sayers, read, to their inexpressible astonishment, the following special notice, with a lavish display of capitals and exclamation points, in the columns of the "Daily Morning Tempest:"

FOR THE RELIEF OF A SUFFERING WORLD!!!

After years of profound study and unceasing reflection, the subscriber has finally discovered an infallible remedy for the greatest evil that afflicts mankind. Henceforth,

NEURALGIA EXISTS NO LONGER!!!

The almost instantaneous relief afforded to thousands of afflicted, but now completely cured sufferers, entitle my Universal Peace-Bringer and Neuralgia Abominator to a first place among the miracles achieved by modern science.

##-TRY IT, AND BE HAPPY.-##

To put this unparalleled panacea within the reach of even the poorest, I sell it nearly at cost. Price, 50 cents per bottle. The usual discount to the trade.

CHARLES H. SAYERS & Co.,
84 Vine Street.

Rosalie dropped the paper and gazed speechlessly at her factotum, who returned the gaze with the same expression of mute surprise. Sayers picked up the sheet to read the notice, once, twice, thrice. Rosalie followed; but no reading could alter the hideous fact. There it stood, in black and white, however much the pair were disposed to doubt their senses. Before the lady could find words to do justice to her feelings, an express wagon, on which were piles of baskets filled with bottles, drove up in front of the store. Sayers went to see what it meant, and almost knocked down old Hessler, who was just entering the door. "Pa!" exclaimed the daughter, who had followed Sayers to see the load, "for mercy's sake, have you seen the notice in this morning's 'Tempest?'"

The old gentleman, whose face wore a

Machiavelian expression strangely at variance with its usual vacuity, affirmed he had. After a suspicious glance at her parent, she continued :

"Well, pa, what do you make of it?"

"What should I make of it?" replied the old gentleman, with the utmost composure, and a deliberation which exasperated the daughter. "Here is the notice," pointing to the newspaper in Rosalie's hand, "and there," pointing to the wagon, "are several hundred bottles of the Universal Peace-Bringer and Neuralgia Abominator. And here," he proceeded, pulling out of his coat pocket a large poster, which he slowly unfolded before the eyes of his auditors, "is the sign. The business may now begin."

"But what business? in the name of all that is idiotic, whose business?" screamed Rosalie.

"Business! what business! whose business! Why it is George's, who is bound to make a fortune. I reckon you all know whose store this is. Have the baskets brought inside, Sayers."

Rosalie began at last to see the affair in its true light. "Merciful Heaven!" she shrieked, "I am to be disgraced, ruined! My honest business is to be turned into a swindling quack concern. Fool that I was, not to see through the trick at once! It is a regular conspiracy got up by father and that wretched husband of mine. Where is the dastard, the idiot, the sneak? Just let me lay hands on him! Oh! oh! Sayers, what is to be done? Is there no way out of this shame?"

Sayers shrugged his shoulders, but seemed unprepared to volunteer advice. Sayers knew something of the anatomy of success.

"Where is the blockhead, the traitor? Where, I say, is that monster George, who appears bent on disgracing his poor wife?" she sobbed, frantic with rage.

"He is down town, where several little matters require his personal attention," coolly said the old gentleman.

Rosalie had dropped on a lounge, into whose leather cushion her fingers convulsively buried themselves. "My God! my God!" she groaned. "I never, never shall survive this scandal. I had hoped to make a man out of this vagabond and sloven. I have treated him in the tenderest manner." Here the old gentleman indulged in a broad ironical grin, which it was perhaps well for him that his affectionate child did not observe. "And now, now —" more she was unable to utter.

Sayers, who had all this time been lost in deep abstraction, now stepped up to the disconsolate woman, and said, "Madam, I do n't think that you need take the affair so much to heart. If the idea is really your husband's, which I shall for the present doubt, it is the best one he ever had in his whole life."

Rosalie looked up with evident surprise.

"At any rate," continued Sayers, "it is our aim to make the idea a success."

"And for this reason," interrupted the old gentleman, approvingly, "it is necessary that the bottles should be brought in before the expressman loses patience and drives off."

The wagon was unloaded. When George sneaked into the store a couple of hours afterwards, the bottles had already been taken out of the baskets and ranged in long rows on shelves; a poster was displayed in the window; and the police sergeant of the beat, whose wife suffered much from neuralgia, had accepted the present of a bottle. The charming Rosalie, it is true, still reclined, with shattered nerves, on the lounge; but she had become so far reconciled to the situation as to endure the sight of the monster with lofty but silent contempt. The callous wretch appeared, however, supremely unconscious of the intensity of this disdain, being, perhaps, only too happy that it was too deep for utterance, though he kept carefully aloof from the sufferer.

Happening to be for an instant alone

with George in the store, the factotum looked him searchingly in the eyes, and asked:

"Now, George, honor bright, who inspired you with this capital notion?"

"Who should have inspired it?" replied the wretch, with unblushing effrontery. "It is my own notion."

"Then," rejoined Sayers, though looking only half convinced, but slapping him approvingly on the back, "I respect you. It was a stroke of genius!"

When the sprightly Georgiana learned the news, her comments were exceedingly severe. Her sister was the wife of a swindling quack, a common impostor. She lost no time in paying Rosalie a visit of sympathy and condolence; and though the latter was still indisposed, the sisters had such a furious quarrel that they nearly fell to blows. It ended in Rosalie's forbidding Georgiana ever again to cross her threshold; an injunction which the younger lady declared entirely superfluous, as she had already fully made up her mind to drop all further intercourse with the family of a poisoner. This parting shot was so effective that George's wife became really ill enough to keep her bed for a week—a misfortune of which that heartless individual availed himself to brew a new supply of his panacea in the kitchen, while Sayers was zealously laboring to spread its renown out of doors.

We skip now over a period of several months, during which not only the sales of the panacea slowly increased, but an event took place which was of the gravest importance to Miss Georgiana's future life. This young lady had at last attained the goal of her desires. A young painter, for the productions of whose brush the father found customers, had made her acquaintance, and this acquaintance soon so endeared the gushing maiden to the susceptible artist's heart that he actually popped the momentous question. As the young lady was not likely to say no, the young people were soon formally engaged.

Mr. Jinks—or rather Marmaduke de Vere Jinks, as the artist wrote his full name—was no painter of the ordinary stamp. He produced with prodigious rapidity and indefatigable industry. His fecundity really approached the fabulous. It would be unfair to bestow upon him the modest predicate of a landscape and battle painter, for he was more than that. He was a manufacturer of pictures. His genius disdained variety; his art was self-contained, and devoted to the idealization of two subjects: the tumult of battle, and Alpine lakes by moonlight. For his battle-pieces he invariably selected the moment of the fiercest onset: dust, smoke, halberds, men and horses, all forming one undistinguishable chaos. The intensity of his artistic ardor here achieved its crowning triumph. The productions of his mysterious talent here dumbfounded criticism! But if his battles were all rage, fury, death, and despair, how charmingly his landscapes soothed the soul after this storm of fierce human passions! Here, the rays of a chaste moon bathed the mirror-like surface of an Alpine lake; there, loomed up romantic mountains in the dim background; while in the foreground, to the right, jutted out a promontory on which a pair of lovers strolled side by side. Unfathomed profundity of genius! we can but exclaim.

Jinks possessed a generous disposition. He could not bear to think that the productions of immortal art should find a home only in the palaces of the great. What he desired was, that all mankind should be enriched by his works, and that even the humblest should be afforded the means of cultivating their sense of the beautiful. For this noble reason he fixed the price of his creations at such a comparatively low rate, that some of his more egotistic brethren, who care only for sordid rewards, denounced him.

Such was the peculiar treasure which Georgiana had won. Jinks henceforth worked exclusively for the

Art Union, of which his prospective father-in-law was President. He painted about two battles and one moonlight, or two moonlights and one battle, each week; and when we consider that the average size of his canvas was 30 by 20, his price, ten dollars, was certainly not dear. Yet such is, at times, the strange perversity of the art-loving public, that in spite of the low rate asked for the Jinkses, the sales did not always keep pace with the production; and so there was no essential difference between battle and battle, or moonshine and moonshine; and as no more than two Jinkses could at once be hung on the walls of the Union, it came to pass that papa Hessler had to assign to the creations of his future prolific son-in-law a separate room, which envious rivals derisively called "Jinks's battle and moonshine infirmary."

But we must leave Jinks for a while to enjoy such bliss as the heart of his loving Georgiana was capable of bestowing, and see how our honest friend George and the Neuralgia Abominator were doing.

The speculation had proved a decided hit. After a certain number of bottles had been several times sold to the leading druggists at a heavy discount, and bought back in the way suggested by Crowquill, the sales began *bona fide*. A few genuine testimonials were procured from people who fancied themselves benefited by the use of the medicine, while a handsome gratuity induced others to subscribe statements carefully drawn up by Sayers, in which that worthy complimented himself as a benefactor of his species. This was his privilege, his name being at the head of the firm, George having refused to give opportunity for gibes by calling himself the great Dr. Ray. These testimonials having been printed and circulated by the ream, the literary gifts of Crowquill were called into requisition, to crown the structure by some special notices in the newspapers, on which occasion this engaging writer

surpassed himself. He demonstrated, with irresistible logic, that the inventor of the Universal Peace-Bringer and Neuralgia Abominator was not only a philanthropist of the purest water, but one of the greatest living scientists, whose sleepless nights, disinterested humanity, and expenditure of capital, could never be requited, except by the admiration and gratitude of future generations. How, then, could any community not positively heartless, and insensible to every lofty impulse, have resisted such insidious eloquence, or have failed to believe that a new era in medical science had actually dawned on this vale of tears?

In this way it came about that after the expiration of a twelvemonth, George was not only able to pay his old creditors one hundred cents on the dollar, but to deposit the snug sum of \$8,000 in bank. In addition to this, he raised the salary of Sayers \$500 per year.

The more profitable the medicine business became, the more Rosalie reconciled herself to the swindle, and the more intensely the sprightly Georgiana resented the good fortune of her married sister. If she did not exactly envy her for having carried off their despised cousin, she certainly witnessed with envy his steadily-growing material prosperity. Even Crowquill's prediction that George's success would shut up his wife's mouth, was being gradually fulfilled without his becoming the great Dr. Ray. Though Rosalie could never be brought quite so far as to concede that her husband deserved any credit for his discovery, but persistently quoted the familiar saying about the fool and his luck, she nevertheless began, almost unconsciously, to treat him with greater respect. The couple lived, therefore, almost happily together; and when the lady's temper occasionally showed symptoms of an outbreak, George retreated to his laboratory, whose atmosphere — probably owing to the cayenne pepper which he had the wretched sagacity to slily put

in the stove—her nerves could not endure. On the other hand, the presence of Sayers, her old factotum and ally, had become distasteful; and the only question in her mind was, whether to dissolve the nominal partnership or summarily to discharge him.

Nor was Sayers himself any longer the same person. It fretted him to think that a business which had such a brilliant future before it, and which was conducted under his name, should promise him no greater corresponding advantages. He therefore surprised the Rays one day by informing them that he should expect a certain share of the net profits, in addition to his regular salary. This request threw Rosalie into a paroxysm of indignation. She told him that his claim was audacious; that he was an extortioner, a villain, a knave, and other flattering things. When she ceased for want of breath, Sayers quietly replied that unless their contract was cancelled, he would file a bill in chancery and apply for the appointment of a receiver. Madam declared that she was glad to get rid of him on any terms; and George went after the old gentleman. The latter heard what had occurred with a grave face; but rather than risk a tedious and costly chancery suit, he consented to a dissolution. The contract was rescinded on the spot, and Sayers left the establishment before night. Within forty-eight hours the newspapers contained a card that the firm of Charles H. Sayers & Co. had been dissolved by mutual consent; but that the celebrated panacea would still continue to be prepared and sold by Charles H. Sayers alone. The card concluded with the street and number of the new establishment.

This was exactly what the shrewd old gentleman had apprehended. A council-of-war, at which Crowquill attended by special invitation, was held, to consider the best measures to meet the impending blow. The latter's advice was to take the bull boldly by the horns, and frankly explain to the

public the facts of the case—that George was the real inventor, whereas Sayers had only been the business manager, and knew nothing of the secret of the preparation. A card to this effect was drawn up and inserted in half a dozen different papers, solemnly warning a too confiding public against purchasing the spurious article. When Sayers had read George's card, he also consulted Crowquill, who was quite ready to serve him "for a consideration." The result appeared the next day in another card, in the same papers, wherein was fully set forth what the reader already knows about George's antecedents, his difficulties, bankruptcy, marriage, etc. This attack naturally led to a counter-attack—equally the work of the treacherous Crowquill—exposing the faithlessness of Sayers, and the hollowness of his claims to public patronage. Thereupon ensued a regular newspaper fight between the rival firms, which our literary Free Lance conducted on both sides with great zeal, and considerable pecuniary emolument. For a time it appeared an open question which party would triumph in the end. But it was inevitable that the heavier purse should finally carry the day. Sayers's capital was the first to give out, whereupon Crowquill immediately abandoned his cause. George was thus left master of the field. His business, immensely expanded by the notoriety of the controversy, went on increasing under the sedulous nursing of Crowquill, who now once more gave his undivided attentions to its success.

Georgiana had watched the progress of the newspaper war with absorbing interest; for every slur at George could not but deeply wound her sister, whom she had now schooled herself bitterly to hate. Nor were the prospects of her betrothed of a character to improve her acidulous temper. Hessler had at last been constrained to tell Jinks plainly that battles and moonshine were played out, and that it would be impossible for him to incur toward the

Art Union the responsibility of adding to the stock already on hand. This was a terrible mortification for Georgiana, to which came the well-founded suspicion that her beloved Marmaduke might not be able to support a wife in comfort. George had now long withdrawn from the mere mechanical work of the preparation, and employed six men in a separate laboratory, besides four clerks in the counting-room. His occupation mainly consisted in eating, drinking, driving out, visiting the theatres, shows, or whatever other diversions were going on "for the relief of a suffering world." His amiable half exercised a general supervision over the books and the business, but no longer objected to George's taking what funds he wanted from the safe. By this superabundance of pocket-money, his old chums, Jinks at the head of them, were decidedly benefited. Deeply interested in the secret pleasures which a city holds out to him who has a golden key, the artist made it his special occupation to show George how and where to enjoy them. Most of these pleasures were naturally only to be tasted under the veil of night; and the late hours which her husband began to keep gave the good Rosalie, who was ever on the watch for offense, considerable uneasiness. The truth is, that she had come to regard her dear George as one of the most dangerous and fascinating of men, who was sure, provided he tried, to meet with prodigious success among the women. Where such success needed little more than a full purse, George might, no doubt, have proved dangerous; and could she have known that he was actually carrying a small revolver in his vest, the green-eyed monster would have found some substantial nourishment.

Georgiana's vexation — as already hinted — at her sister's prosperous circumstances and future prospects, became more engrossing every day. She cudgelled her brain to hit on something which might at least destroy the do-

mestic peace that had come with the other favors of fortune.

One afternoon, while expecting a visit from her betrothed, she, who was not in the least jealous herself, resolved to sound the garrulous Marmaduke, with a view of obtaining material for an indictment against her brother-in-law. On Jinks's entrance, she recoiled, as if shocked at his appearance.

"Heaven! Marmaduke, what ails you?"

"What should ail me?" repeated Jinks, who really did look wretched.

"Yes; where were you last night with that disreputable quack, who is now your pet companion?"

"Where? Nowhere in particular."

"A pretty answer! Nowhere in particular! How the silly fellow blushes!"

"I — blush?"

"Just as if he did not feel the effects of last night's debauch in all his bones! There must have been pretty doings!"

"But, really, dearest, I do not understand your allusions. What do you mean by them?"

"What do I mean? This is rich! Your dissipated looks give the lie to your pretended innocence."

"Really, I must say," stammered the cornered artist.

Georgiana, however, cut short his denials into a few words: "Very well, sir," she said; "I begin to perceive that our marriage is becoming impossible. This cannot go on. No!" she exclaimed, with feigned emotion, "I am unable to endure this treatment. I shall pine away to an early grave. Such concealments, when our relations should be frankness itself, poison the best days of my youth." Herewith she began to sob as if her heart would break.

Jinks found himself placed in an inexpressibly painful dilemma. All his protestations, all his assurances that she exaggerated, that she should only allow him to explain, only hear him, were ineffectual.

"I cannot listen," she moaned, "while you add deceit to wickedness. No, never!" Her symptoms became more hysterical, and poor Jinks was almost distracted. He tried caresses, which she repulsed with indignation, entreating him not to touch her, at least not for the present. "Your caresses," she said, "outrage my womanly delicacy. Oh, why have I given my heart to such a man! Oh, my dream, my beautiful, beautiful dream!"

Jinks was utterly crushed. His guileless nature could not see through this farce, and he began anew to vow reform. But Georgiana paid no heed to his vows: he had said these things too often to keep them. How could she trust him again? Unless he would make a clean breast on the spot, confess minutely what had taken place on the previous night, she was determined to break off their engagement.

The result of the comedy was that the soft-hearted artist confessed to the wily woman to having spent the night with George in a house of questionable character. "Just what I had expected!" thought Georgiana. "Was the delectable Crowquill of the party?" Jinks nodded assent. "And the roystering Aimes?" Another nod. "And the blackguard Hill?" More nods. "And how many bottles of champagne, if I may presume to inquire, did you drink?" On this point Jinks was compelled to plead that his recollection was none of the clearest: he remembered nothing more after the second basket was brought in. "Did n't George pay for the whole?" "Certainly," replied Jinks; "who else should?"

Georgiana having possessed herself of all the facts she required for the purpose, readily forgave the sinner, and dismissed him with some tangible proofs of her unabated affection, entirely forgetting to exact the promised vows that he would abandon his evil courses. When the door had closed on Jinks, she sat down to write, in a disguised hand, the following note:

"MADAM:—A sincere interest in your welfare induces the writer of these lines to inform you of the evil company into which your husband has fallen. It is a shame that the money so easily earned should be thrown away in such an unworthy manner, and for such scandalous purposes. Last night, for instance, your good-natured but weak-minded husband, accompanied by Crowquill and his set, passed in a well-known dance-house with disreputable women, all drinking champagne at his expense. A friend, Madam, believes it his duty to warn you that your husband is surrounded by people who systematically plunder and ruin him."

With the receipt of this anonymous note, which reached its address in due time, the halcyon days of George came to an abrupt close. After Rosalie had recovered from a fever, brought on by rage and mortification at the revelation of her husband's doings, she maintained a close surveillance over the manufacture and sales of the panacea, and limited his pocket-money to four dollars a week—a sum with which no man of spirit can expect to enjoy himself. Not content with putting him on this beggarly allowance, she would no longer even permit him to go out alone after tea; and when he absented himself from that meal, the house was made too hot for his comfort. At night, when ocularly convinced that George was in bed, she locked the door of the chamber, and hid the key under her pillow. Why should fortune always have some drawbacks?

Georgiana had now signally avenged herself on her prosperous sister, but this was no balm for her own dismal prospects. She became thus gradually possessed of the fixed idea—a sort of monomania—that Jinks also should discover some specific for the "relief of a suffering world," and, with it, a short cut to fortune. From our acquaintance with this estimable young lady's firmness of character, we need therefore not be surprised that her be-

trothed had a trying time of it. She taunted him daily with want of energy, insisting that he was quite as capable as that stupid George of inventing a panacea.

Jinks, who had a sensitive temperament, suffered cruelly under this persecution, and became at last despondent. Being asked by Hessler what made him look in such low spirits, he told him what his betrothed expected.

"My dear Jinks," said the old gentleman, "I believe the girl is crazy; it will not be long before we shall have to put her in a straight-jacket."

"If this goes on," sighed the miserable artist, in repeating what Hessler had said to his friend George a few days later, "I shall go crazy myself."

"Why don't you give her up?" remarked George, who bore Georgiana no special good will, for he suspected her strongly of having been the author of the anonymous note which had done so much mischief. But remembering that Hessler would, in such a case, be the main sufferer, he added: "No; that would never do; you are in honor bound to keep the engagement."

"But what am I to do?" piteously replied Jinks. "She says that it will be utterly out of the question to live in the same place with her sister. It would kill her."

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed George. "I have an idea. A Wisconsin man has applied to me for the ex-

clusive right to sell my Abominator in that State. Why should I let a stranger have the chance? The business is so easily managed that any one can attend to it. Suppose you were to go to Chicago as my general agent for the Western States, at a salary, or on commission?"

Jinks gratefully accepted the offer. The old gentleman was delighted with the arrangement; and Georgiana, whose most ardent wish was to leave the scene of her sister's triumph, consented to accept what she called the alms bestowed upon her. The marriage took place without delay, and the young couple removed, "for the relief of a suffering world," to the metropolis of the West, where Jinks has prospered so well that he no longer favors an unappreciative public with battles and moonshines.

Crowquill remains "attached to the press," though the principal source of his income is still derived from special notices. George and his business still continues to thrive. The public still patronize the Abominator, regardless of consequences, and old Mr. Hessler still blesses his stars that he has married off his two daughters. So, all things considered, everybody is happy; and the Peace-Bringer has brought this universal peace—for even Sayers, as the best advertised apothecary in the city, became one of the most prosperous.

W. P. Morris.

THE STAR AND THE BROOK.

SO brightly he beamed on me,
 I was so glad, so blest;
 I was proud to let him see
 His image upon my breast;
 I sang aloud for very glee—
 "The star, the star is in love with me."

He said — how I loved to hear! —
“ I only shine for you ;
You will be fond — no fear,
And I will always be true.
Only on you, O little stream,
Only on you falls my tender beam.”

That was so long ago —
A hundred years, I think ;
The trees are bending low,
The wild flowers stoop to drink.
They do not speak, but in their look
I read, “ O foolish, foolish brook ! ”

For many a flower and tree
Have wooed me night and day ;
And the west wind sang to me
Many a loving lay ;
But I, I only saw afar
The tender gleam of my darling star.

But once when I said to the star,
“ Dear star, I am thine alone,”
An answer came from afar,
That turned my heart to stone :
“ Why, little brook, can you not see
A whole world lies ’twixt you and me ? ”

I had thought, though I lived below,
And he so far above,
The distance between us two
Could be spanned by our mighty love ;
And I was true — was it not strange
That he, a star, a *star*, should change ?

Oh, why did he ever look
On me from his home afar ?
I was always a brook,
He was always a star ;
He loved me once — and yet, and yet,
I did not know love could forget.

’T is true I know it was meant
That star with star should wed ;
And so I must be content —
Ah, well ! it is easy said ;
But then, he shines so far, so far —
Did you ever happen to love a star ?

Carlotta Perry.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

WORK; A STORY OF EXPERIENCE. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Little Women," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

This novel has been very highly praised, and in some quarters where favorable verdicts are usually delivered with some circumspection. The standard of its merit, then, has been lifted pretty high. With this reflection disappears whatever may have collected itself on a lower plane for commendation; and the applause with which we might have testified Miss Alcott's success in several of the minor colloquies—for example, that in which the heroine consults Cinthy Wilkins about accepting Philip Fletcher's second offer—is dumb before the demand for a suffrage for or against the effort as a whole. True, the title and plan of the book solicit from the reader a discriminating judgment. But it is stern to take a novelist too strictly at his word; for if the work is engaging, and not too obtrusively faulty, it may deserve praise enough to justify its publication. Here, however, the author's admirers, by approving her execution of the undertaking, constrain us to examine touching the validity of their praise.

In the first place, the undertaking itself is a questionable one. We would not light down on the very cover of the book with its single word "Work," and its symbolic bee, if we could not concede the fidelity with which the idea of work is adhered to throughout. Work is the real religion, the idea, the action of the piece, from end to end. We dare consent that work is an eminent excellence, essentially, attributively, instrumentally. The work of nature's meteorology and chemistry, the work of steam engines, the work of formulating ideas, realizing designs, chopping trees, or washing soiled clothes—all is excellent, because it is healthful in nature and man; it is useful, and, for the most part, indis-

pensably requisite. More than any one thing, work brings happiness, and work secures against misery.

Such are the powerful motives to induce us all to go to work. And, in fact, we do so. But now is there not just about enough of this apotheosis of Madam Work? Is it not a frightful evil to the contemplation of our scientific teachers, that in this country we *overwork*? In getting foremost, the strong are weakened, and the weak are destroyed. It has come to pass that he that works moderately lags, and must fail, if he does not perish. But is immoderate work less destructive than immoderate drink? Whether this morbid and ruinous industry is chargeable to at least fifty years' unchallenged supremacy of Work over every other god in New England, or to the mere intensity of competing ambition and avarice, it is certain that the practice is absolutely baleful of glorifying aught that has even the name of a vice confessedly tending to general madness. In the South Sea, work is virtuous; in the United States, it is more than half vicious. Were a novel, under the title "Laziness," and with a moral distinctly in favor of a life of utter in consequence, to circulate extensively, we put it to candor if, where it would unstring one worthy resolution, it would not redress a thousand senseless and criminal over-tasks? The sober and wholesome *cui bono?* is perfectly unanswerable by those the state of whose nervous centres qualifies them to applaud everything that is exhaustively laborious; for the concluding phrase of this story is about as sensible an answer as the case admits of. The heroine, then a comfortable widow of forty, with a daughter to train, and poor people—the weak, the sick, the ignorant, or the vicious—immediately about her, to help, to strengthen, to instruct or to moderate, for any ten hours, any day, in any community, but—it must be admitted—with no field for grat-

ifying her desire to be publicly distinguished above men and women generally, resolves to mount the rostrum for a public career. This "work" is characterized thus: "The greatest of God's gifts to us is the privilege of sharing His great work." Of course, it is the privilege of any person to sanctify his labors—even his vices—by the claim that he is "sharing God's work;" not that anybody in his senses believes that God needs his help in any way but perhaps by attending to his business without harming others, either by assaulting, oppressing, defrauding, or neglecting them, or, most culpably, by exciting their emulation for an unnatural and inevitably unrighteous scramble for some common object, in the hope of beating them, and calling it assistance rendered to God in his work; but that if he professes to believe it, nobody under the sun can gainsay him. In Western phrase, this is "too thin." There is a kind of intellectual nausea excited by the spectacle of a disguise at once so beggarly and so hardly, for motives so vulgar.

We therefore condemn as mischievous, in proportion to its success, any publication tending to increase the already unnatural ardor of effort by inculcating the glory of a life of work. But of this production we may contemplate the issue with limited anxiety.

Of numerous and variegated, rather than contrasted characters, there is not one whose make-up includes the ingredient—thought to be so necessary somewhere in every novel—of sentiment. There is not even religion, except in those decent, well-worn stage properties, not to be spared without awkward blanks from certain extremities, even in novels. Nothing ideal, poetical, or even finely meditative is suffered to expose the writer to the suspicion of sentimentalism. But the sentimentalism itself, which might at least have been caricatured and proscribed for symmetry sake, is ignored altogether. Some of the characters are foolish, some violent, some sordid, some generous, some strong, some weak; but amongst them all, nobody represents the sad, spiritual, beautiful nobody, who may be picked up any day, to make a necessary

contrast to Christie, the heroine. Indeed, there is not a workless character in the whole plot, except Mrs. Saltontall, a downright noodle.

The story is one of the most extraordinary assemblages of incredible events ever reconciled with a general air of verisimilitude. This is apparent upon the least scrutiny; though less so upon a careless perusal. A lady, whose only active solicitude is for her social position—which turns out to really be what was first signified by her liveried servants—employs a self-sufficient, nubile young stranger as a governess for her children, immediately on her presenting herself in answer to an advertisement, without even the form of a curiosity as to who she was; and her brother, an experienced man of the world, readily consents, still more improbably—he having just this much knowledge, that he secretly recognizes in her a person he had seen on the stage, a fact which she reserves. A family is introduced, in whom a known tendency to insanity—no very uncommon thing—remains entirely unsuspected by a younger sister, until she is a woman, when it is dramatically communicated, like a hitherto most practicable secret, by an older sister, who, while she is supposed to be still sane, though sick, in a manner the most strangely unfilial, with the sympathy of her brothers, too, declares war on her mother, not as a peevish ebullition, but as the result of solemn convictions of duty, for marrying their father with a knowledge of the malady in her relatives. That this conduct of a sane daughter did not set the mother crazy on the spot, she having—as yet potential, only—the whole stock of the dreaded insanity in her own head, is a separate and sufficiently absurd improbability; to which may be added the most improbably unsophisticated moral treatment—of course, he was a competent physician—of good Dr. Shirley. But no part of the narrative bears the least analysis. It is not a "Story of Experience," since, to befit that name, the situations should be uncommonly credible.

But the undeniable insufficiency of imagination, thought, and sentiment, giving the story a sort of jobbed appearance, is

unerringly shown by—at this late day—introducing the once indispensable “nigger,” with the cant of the subject in that coarseness of texture that refined abolitionists could indulge only during the delirium of the war; and which comes, in a book of this date, like that sometimes belated shriek, which would not have been rowdyish if it had come time enough to be tumultuous, in the general cheer. Slavery is abolished—let us have peace. For example, the husband of the heroine, entitled at least to die for his country in open battle, perishes in a despicable skirmish about a wench, who preferred an adventure in the Union camp to awaiting at home her certain deliverance from slavery. But this was preceded by an exploit, as whimsical as the occasion of it is inconceivable. All manner of white people conversant with negroes are acquainted with the practice of negroes toward their dead children. The Chinese, superior as they are, and, like negroes, making the funeral of adolescents or adults the occasions of ostentatious and clamorous grief, cast away the corpses of young children with indifference. Officials of the Freedmen’s Bureau early discovered, what all Southern people had told them, that the average negro mother was not reliable for the nurture of her own living child, if found irksome. But the female contraband, in this case, in no respect presented as an exceptional person, in making her escape from slavery into a military camp, had, in a spirit assumed to be common to negro women, brought along a dead baby, which she said was hers. This she delivered to an officer of judgment and intelligence, of near two years’ service thereabouts, who, in the most affecting manner, buries it with his own hands. There was no tie of acquaintance, reciprocity of favor, or even association of ideas, connecting the parties, to redeem the extreme poverty of this contrivance for aggrandizing the hero of a story. It would insult the author herself to ask what probably became of the wretched negress, after this supposed sacrifice of a valiant and useful citizen. It is the most natural thing in the world, that this species of enthusiastic, all-embracing humanity,

should elsewhere in the book confess utter intolerance for Irish.

The heroine herself is not a very distinct character. The publisher has been good enough to help the author by a portrait of Christie, at the head of the first chapter, of whom we are bound to say no phrenologist is needed to reveal her character—and it is a good one, too—even great. The girl in the picture is full of “work,” of every kind, of ambition, of pride, generosity, passion, and affection. As long as she was not in love, she would have a strong prepossession for a “mission,” a “self-relying career,” and a “determined independence.” But our word for it, when she found a man she deeply loved, she would reverence him with something the Christie whose story is told never so much as dreamed of—womanly selflessness. Then would come out a miraculous softness not possible to the self-defending, which, of course, is the same thing as the self-depending state. The girl in the picture would repulse with rash disgust and contempt the offer of a suitor that she did not respect. She could not possibly make up her mind to accept a man whose barren egotism she perfectly knew, and then, before she had time to say yes, refuse him irrevocably on the spot for making an inopportune manifestation of it. In actual life, this would betray a spirit meanly mercenary, willing to take a selfish invalid as a rich husband, provided he did not, by flagrantly exposing himself before marriage, compel her to admit that she knew what she was doing.

Again, the girl in the picture would never have loved—and, for that matter, neither would any superior girl—the David Sterling for whom the author has reserved her. The author says he was so and so pious and noble, and it is therefore to be so; but there is little enough to show it by. On the other hand, that impossible character—at least a trinity of persons in one—Philip Fletcher, by his devotion, shown in his lifting himself out of all the sloughs of petty egotism, indolence, and elegant debility, into comparative great-heartedness, all in order to please and win her, had claims on which no woman in the world would have turned her back in favor of

the ready-made David, who, for aught we can see, was at least equally selfish, with that uncompromising kind of imperiousness which must be served implicitly, without even the joke of antagonism, because the moral excellence of the man, including perfect meekness, must be asserted for him by implications of plenary sanctity.

In a word, if the woman in the picture is the one in question, she never loved; or if that was love which made Christie nurse and serve David, even more faithfully than the other patients and soldiers amongst whom her well-done duties lay, it was the affection—ardent enough it may be, even intense to morbidity—of a woman, not gifted with the susceptibility of her sex, which makes the love of the right man, to none so much as to a strong and self-reliant woman, a transmuting spell—utterly transmuting, because her character had so distinct a pole to change, and joyfully did change it.

This book is the story of a female who was not a woman, married to her choice who was not a man, taking these plain old words differentially in the range of those deeper and grander phases of life, where instinct, intuition, or inspiration—call it what you will—prescribes the unwitnessed *work*, and listens neither for yea or nay. If that range is in the heart, this book has not a heart. We trust the author has.

TEXT-BOOK OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY, FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES; containing an outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D.D., President of Colby University. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. (Western News Co.)

No work on the science of mind can be complete at this day. We do not mean that it cannot be exhaustive, for that it may never be; but we mean that it cannot have the symmetry of a system, for the good reason that nobody has a completed system to propound.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" was tendered to the world more as a destructive distillation of old, than a durable synthesis of new corollaries; and from having been tentative, it has

become provisional, under the hand of its own writer.

The old war between materialism and idealism—like which a little one is secretly fought out in the mind of every gifted young person—has now at length pretty well ended in the world. There is no longer an issue joined between "mind" and "matter" in the case of the inquest into the nature of the Soul. What is the truth in the premises, we do not know yet, and must wait during a prolonged season of observation from the new standpoints before we can expect to be ripe either to emit or to understand a new theory of Intellectual Constitution.

The ancient dispute, of which all the language of philosophy is still too redolent to be serviceably used in the question, raged upon the agreed assumption that all analogy of properties, perceptible or potential, was wholly wanting between mental and material entities. They had nothing at all in common but the fact of their common reality, and the fact that they mutually affect each other. But this agreed basis has passed away. It having been by degrees conceded that every manifestation of properties of matter is resolvable into a force, then the recognition of an analogy between force and mind, not long disputed, brought philosophy to the present standpoint, viz.: Forces called physical and forces called psychical mutually affect each other. Whether there be anything of matter other than the forces called material, is a question happily having nothing at all to do with the inquiry after the relations between what are still called mind and matter, since that inquiry has come to be a question virtually between two kinds of force, altogether apart from the question of matter.

Professor Huxley, who believes that the correlation of consciousness with molecular alterations in the brain, in the full sense of a *dependence* of the former on the latter, ought not to be more unthinkable than is "that correlation of phenomena which we call cause and effect,"* yet disowns, as all now do, any other knowledge of matter than as forces not material, in the prevalent

* More Criticisms of Darwin, p. 37.

sense. Professor Tyndall, amidst an exposition of the wonders of molecular structure, exclaims: * "If these statements startle, it is because matter has been defined and maligned by philosophers and theologians who were utterly unaware that it is *at bottom essentially mystical and transcendental*." We are involuntarily reminded here of the "Substans" of Spinoza, at once, matter, spirit, subject, object, man and God, and therefore, not even yet intelligible to us, still befogged by that needless gratuity, matter distinct from its properties. Nor seems the inspired Seer of Tarsus to have been far from the latest formulæ of the extreme physicists, who punctually stop at that very brink beyond which Paul was heard by the rationalistic Greeks: "In Him we live and move and have our being." †

If, then, matter, "essentially mystical and transcendental," is not a thing to despise — nay, if, when we reduce our perceptions of physical reality to our ultimate analysis, we experience a kind of awe, as if we were daring to dissect Deity itself — if these things are true, how can any psychological theories compatible with the notion of abasement in matter be acceptable at this day? No difference more fundamental has ever been known to metaphysics than the difference between those who, if they admit objective reality at all, degrade substance below idea, and those who, in the unknowable real essence of sensible things, find even Deity as much as they find Him in their ideas.

Now, all that have gone before the present generation of writers, on the controversy of mind and matter, have, whether pro or con, assumed the essential baseness of matter. Wherefore, Sir William Hamilton's treatment is as obsolete at least as that of Lucretius; and so with his great master, Reid, and all the Scotch school. If "extremes meet," the typical idealism of Fichte, and the raw "materialism" of Maudsley, ‡ may be better reconciled, at the present day, than the notions of the base nature of matter that permeate every

postulate of Hamilton can be reconciled with the "transcendental and mystical" character of matter as recently acknowledged by the materialists. Matter, then, in a prevalent sense, for which we may coin the desperate term, Sub-reality, is no more a thing of acknowledged existence amongst thinkers of this day, and, therefore, no more a difficulty in a question of psychology, than is what we may call the Super-reality, which, from Hindoo, Greek and German, has for ages poured its delicious efflux of reverie through the domain of meditation.

When Dr. Laycock, of Edinburgh, nearly thirty years ago, in a region since made rich by Carpenter, was painfully weaving his doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration out of the facts of intellection applied to the revelations of physiology, the words did not exist in any language by which he could express his sense of the harmony between those forces which work changes in the combination of particles, molecules or atoms, and those forces which we know as thoughts, or as the consciousness. Meantime, Hamilton, with dazzling splendor of diction, was, in common with everybody else, ignoring the true analogy, and expounding a purely illusory relation, to wit: the relation not between different kinds of force, but between all kinds, including mind, and a supposititious something distinct from all manner of force, in whose existence at this day no philosopher believes; though words, long hot with the fire of mistaken theories, for which they served as the exponents, have not yet — though the fires are quenched — cooled enough to handle for the use of new truths. Faraday declared, sententiously, that in all existence he knew of nothing but forces and the lines in which they act; but yet, in his expository discourses he had to talk of matter and the properties of matter, as if he had thought them to be different things; and even sometimes misled himself by the words, because the notion of a passive substance other than the forces which impinge on our sense, stuck so closely to the word *matter* that he could not get rid of it — perhaps even in his own lucid intellect.

Thus, it has come to pass, upon data that

* *Fragm. Science*, p. 415.

† *Acts* xvii. : 22 to 29.

‡ *Physiology of the Mind and Brain*.

make it now altogether indisputable, that every mental, emotional, or vital act, is accompanied by an alteration in the position and relation of the particles of the body, which alteration and act are so exactly correlated that whatever would bring about the molecular change would infallibly bring about with it the mental, emotional or vital act that belongs to it. Such is the indisputable postulate of this day. Now, a correlation so close is the next thing to an identity. The identity of two correlative phenomena—the one mental, the other, in the exploded sense of the word, physical—is inconceivable, and has always been treated so; because it would be resolving two unlike things into two aspects of the same thing. But the identity of any number of aspects of a phenomenon—for example, the fact of consciousness, in the two aspects, that of knowing and that of a molecular change of the brain—is perfectly supposable as all one phenomenon, as soon as it is seen that all the aspects are possibly resolvable into changes of one thing, suppose Force.

To be sure, we do not at all know that all force is, in very concrete, one force, and that the motions in soul and body are merely motions of one thing, to wit: that force, and therefore, no more mysterious than any other motion of any other thing. But since we have learned that such could, possibly, be the case, we know thereby that received terms, axioms and postulates in psychology must be generally discarded, because they all assume that such could not possibly be the case.

But if there be two correlated forces, answering to the mental and the physical, in the human personality that never, as such, act, in this life, except as counterparts of each other, or if there be a dozen, it would none the less remain that, to study the mind of man, we must study his body; to develop the science of intellect, we must develop the science of biology—in a word, we must understand that the field of psychological observation is the same as the field of dynamical observation; and that if, in their concrete realization, these forces are joined, in philosophizing they shall not be long separated. These expressions are be-

lieved to be reflected from all investigators and thinkers entitled to be cited in a matter of scientific determination at the present day, however they may differ in lesser things. Yet the opposite notion of psychology is religiously enjoined—even so late as in the work before us. Says Dr. Champlin:*

"Psychology rests wholly upon the observed facts of consciousness; and hence, the whole success of the student of this science depends upon his power of internal observation—upon his ability to seize upon and examine the delicate machinery and fleeting thoughts of his own mind."

Now, in that (once correct) sense of the word, there is not in existence any more a "Science of Psychology." No such thing, then, remains to teach in schools and colleges. That which is to teach, must disown an exclusive dependence upon observant introversion.

This work, as has been already seen, is not to be put on trial for the manner in which the task the writer prescribed for himself has been done. It is because he prescribed such a task for himself, or suffered himself to accept it at the uncandid hands of most of our institutions of learning, that we must condemn this book.

These columns have previously borne witness that we are resolved to have no share in that pious fraud by which parents teach children what they do not believe themselves. Young men in colleges and schools have the same right to our frankness which we have to theirs. It would be a gloomy day when the discursive vagaries of youth should be successfully repressed before the eyes of elders, by precocious hypocrisy. But if the ingenuousness of youth could penetrate that tacit conspiracy of elders from which each one would singly shrink, and see how it is to be understood that certain things in philosophy and science are true enough for the young, but not true enough for the old, we would tremble for what little is left of that reverence equally invaluable to the young and the old.

Now, the work of Dr. Champlin is but a

* Page 48.

mild treason in this respect, compared to the gross and criminal impostures of which our common school-books are familiar but neglected examples. All middle-aged Americans remember with what disgust they contemplated in boyhood a brutal, red-coated nation, and with what exultation they could recount the uniform drubbings the Americans gave them. The English were always wrong, the Americans always right. We are now qualifying our children for an indignation like what we feel for our school-book makers; only in this day we lie to them about the rebels and the loyalists. In these instances, however, we have the coöperation, if not the excuse, of our prejudices. But in suffering our children to be taught in schools that this globe was not in existence until six thousand years ago, we have nothing at all to excuse us. It is sheer dishonesty.

It is simply because this work on "Intellectual Philosophy" is not the same "Outline of the Science" it would have been if addressed to controversialists, much less, if prepared for the convenience of men of all sides as a repository of ascertained laws of mind, that we class it with that text-book literature which is like a serpent offered to the hand confidently stretched forth for a fish. There is extant a work, which more ambitious men than our author would not aspire to equal in its presentation of the subject. It has been the text-book, at school, of the ablest men of the generation, and will long continue valuable. We refer, of course, to Dr. Abercrombie's. If the wonderful and abundant results of later investigation do not demand for colleges a work founded upon them, and with all the incompleteness of systematic psychology on the inductive plane undisguised in it, then why a new book at all in the premises? If Dr. Abercrombie's abridged work is obsolete in nearly the whole of its speculative side, it is, at least, an old book. But a new text-

book, guided by the Hamiltonian definitions, and under the presidency of exploded dogmas and obsolete theses, is not only an anachronism—it is a concocted anachronism.

A LEXICON TO XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. Adapted to all the common editions. By Alpheus Crosby, Professor Emeritus of the Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. (Western News Co.)

This little work would be praiseworthy as an effort where one was needed and none had been made, even if to be rewarded only by indulgence at the hands of the critic. But we think it need bespeak no tenderness to faults. It is most honestly executed, and, in our judgment, with extraordinary nicety of discrimination, where, from limited space, and the cursory use to which all books of reference are apt to fall, the writer might have been tempted oftener to be negligent of the finer distinctions. The only objection we make at all—somewhat mechanical, and not peculiar to this book—may well be controverted by readers of different fancy. We refer to the letter in which the words are printed for elucidation. It quickly catches the eye on the page by its extreme boldness of face, but this at the expense of all grace in the Greek character, which, in these thick, inelegant and swollen forms, only first rate printing can keep distinct.

To the ordinary scholar, nothing could be more refreshing than these modest pages, of which many an one reads like a record of his youthful intellectual drill, and revives with all their thrilling associations, those days when, with Xenophon and his Ten Thousand, he crossed the Mysian Olympus, every inch a Greek, and true as steel.

Typographical execution, of special importance in a lexicon, is blameless in the copy before us of this excellent little work.

JOTS AND TITTLES.

CHICAGO at Lunch is a study almost yet in virgin neglect, because nobody present studies anything, except in the sense in which the conventional Irishman in the midst of the crowd, shillalah in hand, studies how, wherever he sees a head, to hit it.

Between twelve and two o'clock every day Chicago "goes for" something—it is something to eat. As no time is to be lost, any place will do. In come men of business, not with the pale, overstrung precipitancy of a Wall street crowd, but with the florid and tumultuous momentum of young farmers at a coon-hunt or a chopping-bee, and, jostling each other with the good humor of active plethora, seat themselves as if in an omnibus, realize the supreme moment of hunger, and then call for relief.

This call is no simple matter. The matter of getting away with the supply, or the less essential question of what it consists of, are competently under the patient's control; but it is unanimously deemed and held that the sum total of waiting ministrations is considerably less than the sum total of relievable suffering, in the given period of time; whence, then and there, arises the following, to wit: "The Struggle for Existence and the Survival of the Fittest."

Now, very great philosophers have written about these occasions, and, as if members of the Board of Trade needed such a thing, Mr. Bagehot has written a great book to apply Mr. Darwin's theory to the social organism, the State, the counting-room, and the church. But the Board of Trade is Chicago, and Chicago is a fast little young thing. So you see, when a Chicago man of business's nose is seen to turn to the right, and instantly thereafter his coat-tails disappear through an open door—provided it is about 1 P. M.—you may understand that, for the interesting time being, he is an experimental philosopher. The method is as follows:

Seated, as aforesaid, all call at once for instantaneous attendance, and the waiters in a body rush for the former as a body.

When the collision subsides, a stranded negro is found here and there all about the room, usually between two tables, with eight men a-hold of him, over, say three of whom, he is blamelessly scattering giblets and showering soup. The waiter must be passive in the actual physical trial; except that if the gravy he spills over your legs exceeds a quart, he may instantly demand your gratitude after a quick "Scoose me," abstractedly sung. The struggle inevitably ends in the gentleman from Africa being pulled harder in one direction than in another—and it is considered unfair to take him by the wool, except in cases where his clothes give way; and custom then requires that the defeated party shall let go, and the victors may give him a valid order without manual detention. But the vanquished is at liberty to constrain the black republican aforesaid, at any time and under all circumstances, if by petitions or precatory or damnatory words and signs, he can effect that object. Thus it is lifted from a low scramble of muscle into the higher antagonism of will, wit, and tact.

Thus, fairly inaugurated, the conflict rages for one hour and a half with unabating fury. The spectacle is beautiful to a Darwinian. The superiority of man is strikingly shown. In his noble rage, he disdains any act below high tragedy. Butter is demanded in a voice that would blast in a granite quarry. The concussive "All right!" is shot off like a siege gun; and "More milk!" is like the explosion of a Jupiter's thunderbolt.

When the Fittest have survived, the vanquished in the Battle of Life feebly grapple each other like wounded dogs, gather what they can, and hurry back, filled, but faint from loss of—time and pride; for if there is anything a Chicagoan is proud of, it is in beating his *vis-à-vis* at a public table in getting his grub. Bent and gloomy, but driven by necessity, the vanquished go. But is there no consolation? O Mr. Bagehot! O Mr. Darwin! What ill, but Philosophy may assuage it! As they go

away, the beaten crowd gather around a turtle on the sidewalk, to be made into soup for next day's fight; and, gazing on him, exult in having beaten him through so many links of species. They straighten up. They disclaim the turtle, and go proudly away — men again!

—MUCH is justly said of the extortionate charges for board and lodging at Chicago hotels. Is there any doubt that from \$300 to \$600 a month for a gentleman and his wife, for table-board and the use of a couple of rooms, is extortionate? Is there not an enormous margin of profit for the landlord? However, if a rich man wants to throw away his money for nothing but the consciousness of making it hard for his poorer fellow-boarders, we can make no valid legal objection. But look at the case of the man of moderate income. Take one of the \$3-a-day hotels in this city. For one small room on the fifth floor, a man and his wife are charged \$35 per week. Now, the charge for table-board is but \$9—or \$18 for two—leaving the enormous demand of \$17 per week, or \$884 per year, for the use of a garret. The furniture cost not to exceed \$200. Allow over 25 per cent., or \$50 per year, for its use; \$50 for care of room; \$25 for gas, and \$25 for fuel, and still the rent of that garret room is \$734 a year, or over \$61 a month—the rental of an eligible house! Then, of course, the landlord makes a handsome profit on the table-board at \$9; while the extra meals, “meals in room,” wine, commissions on carriages, etc., etc.—for without these hotel life is eccentric—swell the gains of his coffers, at the exhaustive expense of his guests. Now, the hotel-keeper ought to be well paid for his labor and risk. If he does well, he ought, in time, to make his fortune; but that is no reason why he should do it over every year. We have not here referred to the charges for transient customers; but they are too high, also. It ought not to cost a man so enormously to live at a first-

class hotel; and we have an idea that the people in this city will, after a while, conclude that it shall not. We are glad, therefore, to see hotels and great boarding-houses rising thickly upon our streets; and we shall not feel sorry if some of our landlords who now show no mercy to the public, are compelled to beg, at greatly reduced rates, for the patronage which they now so haughtily reject.

—THE class of men who turn religion into a sort of intellectual upholstery are the same that are now ready to turn science into a kind of dog-fancier. Recognizing the influence of select breeding upon domestic creatures, and also the analogy between men and animals, they immediately propose to “improve” the human species by applying to it the methods of the former, innocently admitting as a “difficulty” the absence of a superior order of beings by whom the business is to be conducted. So destitute are such men of their due share of human nature, that they need to be told that the “absence of a superior order of beings to carry on the process” is proof enough that it cannot be carried on in human society in any manner at all analogous to the way it is carried on in the barn-yard and the kennel. If angels with wings on held our offices, conducted our corn exchanges, edited our newspapers, and run our churches, doubtless we would find our happiness in pleasing them; but under the circumstances, we beg leave to put up with the poor sweet love of each other, the lowly solaces of the family and the home, and the most unscientific preference for those personal virtues which only infirmity and suffering in our species have ever revealed to one another. But in defiance of all want of just analogy, these fellows degrade their upright posture by the phrase “scientific propagation of man,” meaning thereby a system from which, in the worst days of slavery, the negro-breeder of Virginia shrank, as too bestial for a species that could talk, even as mere live stock.